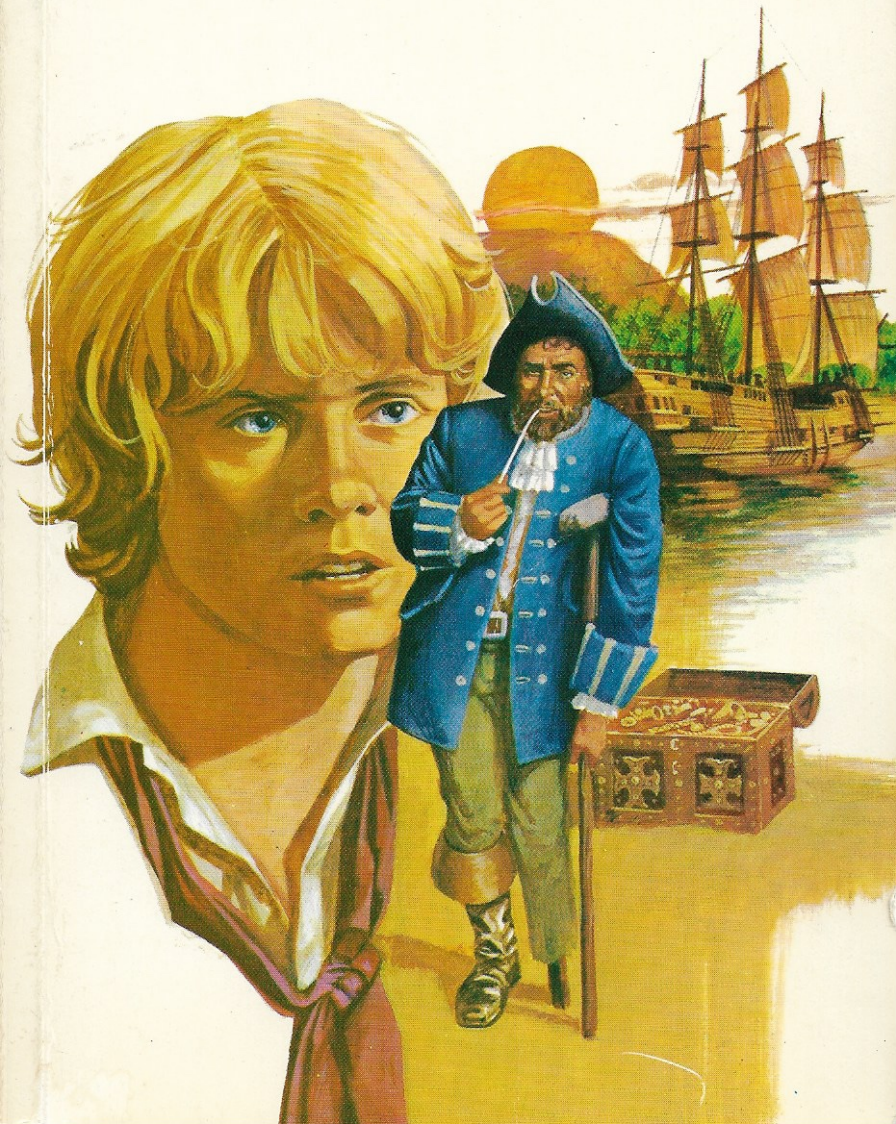
Treasure Island

Robert Louis Stevenson



Treasure Island

Robert Louis Stevenson

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Longman

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vocabulary

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Chapter one

The old seaman at the *Benbow Inn*

I remember him clearly, the brown old seaman, as he came to the inn door, his sea chest following behind him in a handcart; a tall, strong, heavy man in a dirty blue coat; his hands hard and torn; and the sword-cut across one cheek, a dirty, blue-white mark. I remember him looking round the bay and singing that old sea song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Then he knocked on the door with a bit of stick and, when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. He drank the rum slowly, still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a nice bay," he said at last, "and a pleasantly placed inn. Do many people come here?"

My father told him no—unfortunately.

"Well, then," the old man said, "this is the place for me. Here you, young fellow!" he cried to the man with the handcart. "Bring my chest in. I'll stay here a bit." And to my father he said, "You may call me 'Captain'." And he threw down three or four gold pieces on the floor. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," he said, looking very fierce.

He was a very silent man, usually. All day he walked round the bay with a brass spyglass; all the evening he sat in a corner next to the fire, and drank very strong rum and water. Mostly he did not answer when spoken to, and we and the people who came to the inn soon learned to leave him alone. Every day, when he came back from his walk, he asked if any seaman had gone by

along the road. One day, he promised me a silver fourpenny piece on the first day of every month if I would watch for a seaman with one leg, and let him know the moment he appeared.

He himself was a frightening old man. He kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long used up. My father never had the courage to demand more.

He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke to anyone but the neighbours, and to these only when he had drunk more rum than was good for him. None of us had ever seen the great sea chest open.

Dr Livesey came late one afternoon to see my father, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the sitting room to smoke a pipe until a boy brought his horse down from the village. I remember observing the great difference in appearance between the doctor with his powdered hair as white as snow, his bright black eyes and pleasant manners, and that dirty, heavy, red-eyed pirate of ours, who had already drunk far too much rum.

Suddenly the captain began his usual song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

By this time, nobody in the inn took much notice of the song. It was new, that night, only to Dr Livesey. He looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on talking to old Taylor, the gardener. The captain looked at him for a time, knocked on the table for silence, looked still harder, and at last broke out with a curse: "Silence, there, you . . . !"

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," with another curse.

The old fellow drew a great knife

"Then I have only one thing to say to you, sir—" the doctor said "—that, if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be free of a very dirty and nasty fellow!"

The old fellow's anger was terrible. He jumped up, drew a great knife, and looked as if he was going to kill the doctor.

The doctor never moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same voice; rather loudly, so that everybody could hear, but perfectly calm and steady: "Put that knife away at once, or I promise that you shall hang."

Then followed a battle of looks between them, but the captain put away his weapon, and sat down again making low noises in his throat, like a beaten dog.

Chapter two

Black Dog appears and disappears

It was a very cold winter, and it was clear that my poor father would not see the spring. He grew weaker daily, and my mother and I had all the work of the inn to do.

One January morning, the captain had risen earlier than usual, and walked out, his short sword swinging, his brass spyglass under his arm, and his hat on the back of his head.

Mother was upstairs with father, and I was in the kitchen, when the door opened, and a man stepped in. I had never seen him before. He wore a sword, but he did not look much like a fighter.

He pointed to a table that was ready for breakfast. "Is this table for my friend Bill?" he asked, with a nasty look.

"I don't know your friend Bill," I said. "This is for a person we call the captain."

"Well," he said, "my friend Bill would be called the captain. He has a cut on one cheek—the right one. Now, is my friend Bill in this house?"

I told him that he was out walking.

The stranger waited just inside the inn door. At last he saw the captain coming along the road. Then, "Yes," he said, "here's my friend Bill, bless his old heart. We'll just go back into the room, boy, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise—bless his heart."

So the stranger pulled me into the kitchen, and put me behind him in the corner so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was afraid, and the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He loosened the blade of his sword, and all the time we were waiting there, he kept swallowing, as if there were something in his throat.

At last the captain came in and marched straight across the room to his breakfast table.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make big and bold.

The captain turned quickly round on his heel. I felt sorry to see him so quickly turn old and sick.

"Black Dog!" he said.

"That's right," replied the other. "Black Dog, come to see his old friend Billy, at the *Benbow Inn*. I'll have a glass of rum from this boy, and we'll sit down and talk, like old friends."

When I returned with the rum, he ordered me to go, and leave the door wide open: "Now you can't listen at the keyhole, boy," he said, and I left them together and went into the next room.

I certainly tried to hear, but I could hear nothing but whispers. At last the voices began to grow louder, and I could hear a word or two, mostly curses, from the captain.

"No, no, no!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to hanging, we all hang, I say."

Then suddenly there was a fearful burst of curses. The chair and table went over. The sound of fighting followed, and then a cry of pain, and I saw Black Dog running away. Blood was pouring from his left shoulder.

I heard a loud fall in the sitting room. I ran in and saw the captain lying on the floor. My mother came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard, but his eyes were closed, and his face a dreadful colour.

We were very glad when the door opened and Dr Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor!" we cried. "What shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? Don't be silly!" said the doctor. "No, he's ill, seriously ill, as I warned him that he would be if he went on drinking rum. Now, Mrs Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband. I must do my best to save this fellow's entirely worthless life."

The doctor cut open the captain's coat. Strange pictures and words had been pricked into the skin in several places. We read, *Here's good fortune*, *A fair wind*, and *Billy Bones his fancy*. Up near one shoulder there was a picture of a man being hanged.

"A true sign of the future," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger.

The doctor had to work hard before the captain opened his eyes and looked about him. First he recognised the doctor with an angry look, then he saw me, and he looked happier. But suddenly his colour changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying: "Where's Black Dog?"

"There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor. "You have been drinking rum, and exactly what I warned you

of has happened. I have just very unwillingly saved your life. Now, Mr Bones—"

"That's not my name," he said angrily.

"I don't care," replied the doctor. "It's the name of a pirate I know about. What I have to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one, you'll take another and another, and if you don't stop drinking, you'll die. Do you understand that?"

Between us, with much trouble, we got him upstairs, and laid him on his bed.

"Now remember," said the doctor, "rum, for you, is death." And he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

"This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "He'll lie for a week where he is. That is the best thing for him and you. But the next attack will finish him."

Chapter three

The black spot

About noon I stopped at the captain's door with a cooling drink. He was lying as we had left him, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything, and you know I've always been good to you. Every month I've given you a silver fourpenny. And—Jim, you'll bring me one little glass of rum, now, won't you, boy?"

"But the doctor—" I began.

"Doctors don't know anything. That doctor is a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a drop of rum, Jim, I shall go mad. I shall begin seeing things. I've seen Flint in that corner there as plain as print. I'll give you a golden pound for one glass, Jim."

"The only money I want," I said, "is what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass, and no more."

When I brought it to him, he seized it hastily, and drank it up.

"Yes," he said, "that's better. And now, boy, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here?"

"A week at least," I said.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that; they'd have the black spot on me by then. They are planning things against me. Fools. They couldn't keep what they got, and they want to steal what another man *has* kept. Is that the way for seamen to behave? But I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid of them."

He fell back and lay for a time silent. "Jim," he said at last, "you saw that seaman today?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog. He's a bad one, but there are worse men that sent him. Now, if I can't get away, and they hand me the black spot, remember this. It's my old sea chest they want. You get on a horse and go to that cursed doctor, and tell him to bring all his men and he'll catch them, catch all old Flint's crew at the *Benbow Inn* —all of them that are left. I was old Flint's first officer, and I'm the only one that knows the place. He gave it to me when he was dying. But you won't tell anyone unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a seaman with one leg, Jim—him above all."

"But what is the black spot, Captain?" I asked.

"That's a call. I'll tell you if they give me that. But you watch, Jim, and I'll go equal shares with you, I will."

He talked a little longer, his voice growing weaker, but soon after I had given him the powder which the doctor had sent, he fell into a heavy sleep, and I left him.

My poor father died quite suddenly that evening, and all other matters were put on one side. The visits of the neighbours, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn kept me busy, and I had no time to think of the captain, or to be afraid of him.

He got downstairs next morning, and had more than his usual supply of rum, helping himself out of the barrel, and no one dared to prevent him. When he was drinking, he drew his sword and put it in front of him on the table.

About three o'clock, on a cold afternoon after the funeral, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone coming slowly along the road. He was blind, feeling his way with a stick, and he was bent as if with age or weakness. He stopped a little distance from the inn, and called out: "Will any kind friend tell a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in defending England, in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the *Benbow Inn*, Black Hill Bay," I said.

"I hear a voice," said he, "a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the terrible, soft-speaking, eyeless man seized it—in an iron hand. I was so afraid that I struggled to draw my hand away, but the blind man pulled me close up to him.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. I obeyed him at once, walking in through the door. The blind man kept close to me, holding me in one iron hand.

"Lead me straight up to him, and when you can see him, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this." He bent my arm round so that I nearly

The blind man held me in one iron hand

fainted. I opened the sitting room door, and cried out the words he had ordered in a shaking voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him. He tried to rise, but I do not believe he had enough strength left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the blind man. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger move. Hold out your right hand. Boy, take his right arm, and bring his right hand near to my right."

We both obeyed him, and I saw him pass something into the captain's hand, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man, and he suddenly left hold of me, and quickly slipped out of the room and into the road. I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses, but at last he drew in his hand and looked quickly into it.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried.

He jumped up. As he did so, he put his hand to his throat, stood unsteadily for a moment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell face down to the floor.

I ran to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was useless. The captain was dead.

Chapter four
The sea chest

I quickly told my mother everything I knew. We saw ourselves in a difficult and dangerous situation.

About one thing my mother was determined: she would not lose the money that the captain owed her. "It belongs to me and it belongs to you, Jim. We'll have that chest open. So we must get the key."

On the floor close to the captain's hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on one side. It was the "black spot", and on the other side, somebody had written:

You have till ten o' clock tonight.

I began to look for the key. It was on a bit of dirty string round his neck. I cut it with his own knife, and we hurried upstairs to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day he arrived.

"Give me the key," said my mother, and she quickly turned it and threw open the chest.

Inside we found all sorts of things—a bar of silver, a pair of very fine pistols, an old clock, some jewelled pins. The last things in the chest were some things looking like papers, tied up in cloth, and a bag of coins that sounded like gold.

"I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have what is owed me, and not a penny more. Hold my bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's debt from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding. It was difficult because the coins were of all countries and sizes. There were very few English pounds.

When we were about halfway through, I suddenly put my hand on her arm. I had heard a sound that filled me with fear: the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick on the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door. We could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt shaking as the blind man tried to enter. Then there was a long silence. At last the tapping began again and died slowly away.

"Mother," I said, "take the whole bag, and let's go."

But my mother would not take more than was owed to her. She went on counting.

A low whistle sounded at a distance. That was enough for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this for my share," I said, and I seized the papers.

We left the candle by the open chest, opened the door, and ran away from the house as fast as we could move. We had not started a moment too soon. Less than halfway to the village, the sound of several running footsteps came to our ears. We looked back and saw that one of the newcomers carried a lamp.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I feel faint."

Fortunately we were just at the little bridge. I helped her to the edge of the bank. There, she did faint, and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it, but I dragged her down the bank and under the arch.

Chapter five
The last of the blind man

Although I was frightened, I felt that I must find out what was happening. I crept back to the bank again. From there I could see the road outside the inn door. Our enemies began to arrive there, seven or eight of them running hard, and the man with the lamp some yards in front. Three men ran together, hand in hand, and I saw that the middle one of these three was the blind man. I could hear their voices clearly.

"Down with the door!" the blind man cried.

"Right, sir!" answered two or three, and they made a rush on the *Benbow*. Then they paused, and I heard whispering. They were surprised to find the door open.

But the pause was not for long; the blind man gave more commands.

"In, in, in!" he shouted, and cursed them for their delay.

Four or five of them obeyed at once, two remaining on the road with the blind man. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouting from the house: "Bill's dead!"

But the blind man cursed them again for their delay. "Search him, some of you! And the rest of you run upstairs and get the chest," he cried.

I could hear their feet on our old stairs. Soon afterwards, the window of the captain's room was thrown open with a noise of broken glass, and a man leaned out into the moonlight. He called to the blind man on the road below him. "Pew," he cried, "they've been before us. Someone's turned the chest out."

"Is it there?" roared Pew.

"The money's there."

The blind man cursed the money. "Flint's writing, I mean," he cried.

"We don't see it here anywhere," replied the man.

"It's those people of the inn!" cried the blind man, Pew. "It's that boy! I wish I had put his eyes out! They were here—they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter and find 'em!"

And just then the same whistle that my mother and I had heard before came clearly through the night, but this time twice. It seemed to be a sign to warn them of danger.

"There's Dirk again!" said one. "Twice! We'll have to move."

"Move, you dog?" cried Pew. "Dirk's a fool—it'll be nothing. The boy and the woman must be close by. Scatter and look for them, you dogs! Oh, curse my

soul," he cried, "if I had eyes!"

"Hang it, Pew, we've got the money!" one of the men said.

"They may have hidden the thing," said another. "Take the money, Pew, and don't stand here making such a noise."

At that moment, another sound came from the top of the hill on the side of the village—the sound of horses. Almost at the same time a pistol shot came from among the trees. And that was plainly the last warning of danger. The pirates turned at once and ran, separating in every direction; one seaward along the bay, one across the hill, and so on. In half a minute not a sign of them remained, except Pew. They had deserted him. There he remained, feeling his way wildly up and down the road with his stick and calling for his companions. Finally he took the wrong turn, and ran a few steps past me, towards the village, crying: "Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," and other names, "you won't leave old Pew, my lads—not old Pew!"

Just then the horses came over the top of the hill, and four or five riders charged down the slope. Pew ran right under the nearest of the oncoming horses. The rider tried to save him, but failed. Down went Pew with a terrible cry, and the horse's feet fell on him and kicked him and passed by.

I shouted to the riders, and I soon saw who they were. A lad from the village had noticed a strange boat in the bay, and had seen the men at the inn. He had run for help and met Captain Dance with his soldiers, and had brought them along.

Pew was dead. I told Captain Dance my story. "I am glad I rode him down," he said.

We carried my mother back to the *Benbow Inn*. It was in a terrible state. Even the clock had been thrown

Down went Pew with a terrible cry

down, but nothing had been taken away except the captain's money bag. Mr Dance could not understand it.

"They got the money, you say? Well then, Hawkins, what did they want? *More* money, I suppose?"

"No, sir, not money, I think," I replied. "In fact, sir, I have the thing in my pocket and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"Quite right. I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought, perhaps, Dr Livesey—" I began.

"Perfectly right," he said. "I must ride round there myself and report to him or Mr Trelawney. If you like, I will take you along. Dr Livesey is at the Hall with Mr Trelawney."

My mother was better, so I got up on the horse behind him.

Chapter six
The captain's papers

We rode hard all the way, till we came to the Hall. Here, Mr Dance dismounted and, taking me along with him, went into the house.

I had never seen Mr Trelawney, the great man of our part of the country, so near at hand. He was a tall man, and broad too, and he had a strong face, all roughened in his long travels. From his eyes I guessed that he had a temper—not bad, perhaps, but quick.

"Come in, Mr Dance," he said.

"Good evening, Dance," said the doctor, with a nod. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What brings you here?"

Captain Dance stood up straight, and told his story, and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other in their surprise and interest.

At last Mr Dance finished the story.

"Mr Dance," said Mr Trelawney, "you are a splendid fellow. You must have some wine."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were looking for, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," I said, and gave him the papers done up in cloth.

The doctor looked at the thing, but instead of opening it, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

Mr Dance drank his wine and went away.

"And now, sir," said the doctor to Mr Trelawney. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him! Heard of him, you say! He was the most bloodthirsty pirate that ever sailed. I was once on a ship at Trinidad; they saw Flint's sails and went straight back into port, sir!"

"Well, I've heard of him myself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is this: supposing that I have here in my pocket some paper showing where Flint hid his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried Mr Trelawney. "It will amount to this: if we have the paper you talk about, I'll prepare a ship at Bristol, and take you and Hawkins, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now then, if Jim agrees, we'll open the cover," and he put it on the table.

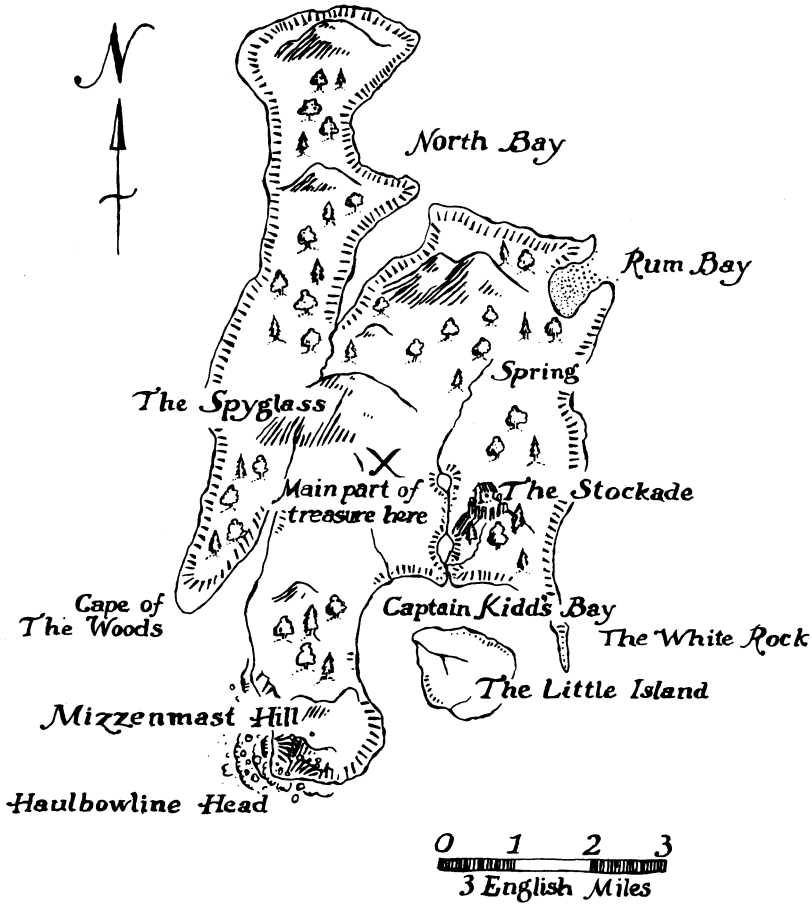
The papers were carefully packed up and he had to get his knife to cut it open. It contained two things—a book and a paper.

"First, we'll try the book," said the doctor.

It was an account book showing ships that the pirates had attacked, and Bones's share from each.

"A careful man!" cried the doctor. "He didn't intend to lose any of his money."

"And now," said Mr Trelawney, "let's see the other!"



Map of Treasure Island

The doctor opened the paper with great care, and found the map of an island, with lines showing its exact place on a map of the world, and figures telling how deep the sea was along its coast, also the names of hills, and bays, and everything that would be needed to bring a ship safely to its shores. The island was about nine miles long and five across. It had two fine harbours, and a hill in the centre part marked *The Spyglass*. There were several marks added later, especially a cross in red ink and, beside it, in the same red ink and, in a different handwriting, these words:

Main part of treasure here.

Over on the back the same person had written:
Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, line to a point to the N of NNE.
Island ESE and by E.
Ten feet.

J. F.

That was all, but it filled Mr Trelawney and Dr Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said Mr Trelawney, "you can give up this work of yours here. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time we'll have the best ship, sir, and the best crew in England. Hawkins shall come as ship's boy. You'll make a fine ship's boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor. I am the owner. We'll take three of my men: Redruth, Joyce and Hunter. We'll have a quick journey, and not the least difficulty in finding the place, and money to play with ever after."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you and I feel sure that Jim will too, and be really helpful. There's only one man I'm afraid of."

"And who's that?" cried Mr Trelawney. "Name the fellow, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor, "because you can't keep

silent. We are not the only men who know about this paper. Those fellows who attacked the inn tonight—bold, fearless fighters—and the rest who stayed on board that boat, and more, probably, are all determined to get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stay together; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol; and not one of us must say anything about what we've found."

"Livesey," replied Mr Trelawney, "you are always right. I'll be as silent as the grave."

Chapter seven

I go to Bristol

It was longer than Mr Trelawney imagined before we were ready for the sea. The doctor had to go to London to find someone to carry on his work. Mr Trelawney was hard at work at Bristol, and I lived on at the Hall under the charge of old Tom Redruth, the gardener, almost a prisoner, but full of sea dreams about strange islands and all sorts of excitements. I sat for hours studying the map, every line of which I well remembered.

So the weeks passed, till one day a letter came. It was addressed to Dr Livesey, with this added, "To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth, or young Hawkins." We opened the letter, and read:

Old Ship Inn
Bristol
March 1, 1759

Dear Livesey,

I do not know whether you are at the Hall or still in London, so I am sending this to both places.

The ship is bought and ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter vessel—a child could sail her. Name, *Hispaniola.*

I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has been surprisingly good and useful. He has worked very hard for me, and so has everyone in Bristol, as soon as they heard where we wanted to go—for treasure, I mean.

"Redruth," I said, "Dr Livesey won't like that. Mr Trelawney has been talking, after all."

"Well, why not?" answered Tom. "It's a strange thing indeed if the master may not talk just because Dr Livesey says so!"

At that I said no more, but read straight on:

Blandly himself found the *Hispaniola*, and got her for a very small amount of money. So far there has been no sort of difficulty. The work of preparing the ship went on steadily. It was the crew that troubled me.

I wanted twenty men—in case we meet pirates, or enemy ships—and I had difficulty in finding half a dozen, till the most wonderful piece of good fortune brought me the very man that I required.

I was standing at the harbour side when, entirely by accident, we started a conversation. He is an old sailor who keeps an inn. He knows all the seamen in Bristol. He has lost his health on shore, and wanted work as a cook to get to sea again. He had crept down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

I was saddened by his story—so would you have been. Out of pure pity, I gave him work as ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and he has lost a leg, but that I regarded as a point in his favour, since he lost it in his country's service. The Government did nothing for him, Livesey. What bad times we live in!

Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the finest old "salts" you can imagine, not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of splendid spirit.

Long John even sent away two out of the six or seven I had already taken. He quickly showed me that they were just the sort of freshwater creatures we had to fear on an important and dangerous voyage.

I am in splendid health, eating like a lion, sleeping really well, but I shall not enjoy a moment till my ship sets sail. To sea! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that is drawing me. So now, Livesey, come quickly! Do not waste a moment!

Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard, and then both come quickly to Bristol.

John Trelawney.

Note Blandly is to send a ship after us if we don't return by the end of August. He has found an excellent fellow for sailing master, Captain Smollett. Long John Silver

discovered a very useful man for first officer,
a man named Arrow.

I was delighted with the news.

The next morning Tom Redruth and I set out on foot for the *Benbow*, and there I found my mother in good health. I said goodbye to her and to the bay where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old *Benbow*.

In the carriage I must have slept. When I opened my eyes, I found that we were standing still in front of a large building in a city street, and that it was full daylight.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom. "Get down."

In front of a large inn stood Mr Trelawney, dressed like a sea officer, in thick blue cloth.

"Here you are!" he cried. "The doctor came last night from London. Excellent! The ship's company is complete!"

"Oh, sir!" I cried, "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" he said. "We sail tomorrow!"

Chapter eight

At the sign of the *Spyglass*

When I had finished breakfast, Mr Trelawney gave me a note addressed to "John Silver, at the sign of the *Spyglass*." He told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the harbour, and looking for a little inn with a large brass spyglass for a sign. I set off, delighted at this chance of seeing something of the ships and seamen in this famous harbour.

The inn was a bright little place.

As I stood at the door, a man came out of a side room,

and instantly I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off high above the knee, and he walked with a crutch under his left shoulder. He made wonderful use of his crutch, moving very easily and quickly. He was very tall and strong, with a large face, full of smiles and quick understanding. Indeed, he seemed very cheerful, whistling as he moved about among the tables.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Mr Trelawney's letter, I had been afraid that he might be the very one-legged sailor that the captain had asked me to watch for. But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and I thought I knew what a pirate was like—a very different creature, I thought, from this clean and pleasant-tempered fellow.

I entered the inn and walked up to the man with the crutch.

"Mr Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," he said, "that's my name. And who are you?" And then, when he saw Mr Trelawney's letter, it seemed to come to him as rather a shock. "Oh!" he said—and his voice had become very loud—"I see. You are our new ship's boy. I'm pleased to see you." And he took my hand in his large firm fingers.

Just then one of the men at the far side of the room rose suddenly. The door was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry made me notice him, and I recognised him at once.

"Oh!" I cried. "Stop him! It's Black Dog!"

"I don't care who he is!" cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his money. Harry, run and catch him!"

One of the others who was nearest the door ran out.

"He must certainly pay for his drinks!" cried Silver, and then letting go of my hand: "Who did you say he

was?" he asked. "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," I said. "Has Mr Trelawney not told you about the pirates? He was one of them."

"Really?" cried Silver. "In my inn! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those dogs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Come here!"

The man whom he called Morgan—an old, grey-haired, dark-faced sailor—came forward looking very foolish.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John very seriously, "you never set your eyes on that Black—Black Dog before, did you?"

"No, sir," said Morgan.

"Well, Tom Morgan, that's lucky for you!" exclaimed Silver. "If you had been mixed up with that sort of fellow, I would never have allowed you to come here again."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a whisper: "He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, only rather a fool. And now," he went on again, aloud, "let's see—Black Dog? No, I don't know the name. Oh, but—yes, I've seen the dog. He used to come here with a blind man."

"I'm sure he did," I said. "I knew that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! Yes, that was his name. Ah, he looked a bad one, he did!"

All the time he was saying this he was going up and down the room on his crutch, striking tables with his hand, and giving a show of excitement that would have made anyone believe in him. All my fears had been awakened again by finding Black Dog at the *Spyglass*, and I watched our ship's cook carefully. But he was too clever for me. The two men came back out of breath, and said that they had lost the track in a crowd. Long

John Silver cursed them loudly, and I was quite sure of his honesty.

"Hawkins," he said, "here's bad luck for a man like me. What will Captain Trelawney think? A pirate sitting in my own inn, drinking my own rum! You tell me about it, and I let him escape! Now, Hawkins, you speak to the captain for me. You're a lad, you are, but you're as sharp as a needle. I saw that when you first came in. But what could I do, with this old crutch I walk with? When I was a whole man—and a fine seaman too—I could have caught him in a couple of minutes; but now . . . Duty is duty. I'll put on my old hat, and go and report this thing to Captain Trelawney. It's serious, young Hawkins, and neither you nor I have anything to be proud of in it. Not quick—neither of us quick enough."

On our little walk along the harbour side, he made himself a most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed, explaining the work that was going on—how one was getting ready for sea, how another had just come in, and so on. I began to see that he was a splendid fellow.

When we got to the inn, Mr Trelawney and Dr Livesey were finishing a drink before going on board the vessel to see that everything was in order.

Long John told the story from first to last, entirely correctly. "That's what happened, isn't it, Hawkins?" he said several times, and I had to agree.

The two men thanked Long John for his trouble.

"All to be on board by four this afternoon," shouted Mr Trelawney after him as he went away.

"Right, sir," cried the cook.

"Well, Trelawney," said Dr Livesey, "I don't put much faith in the fine fellows you discover as a general rule, but I will say this: John Silver seems a good man."

Long John told the story from first to last

"That man's a splendid fellow," declared Mr Trelawney.

"And now," added the doctor, "come with us, Jim, and we'll see the ship."

Chapter nine

Powder and arms

We went in a small boat and were met as we stepped on board the *Hispaniola* by Mr Arrow, a brown old sailor, with earrings in his ears and curious eyes. He and Mr Trelawney were very friendly, but I soon observed that there was not the same friendship between Mr Trelawney and the captain.

Captain Smollett was a sharp-looking man, who seemed angry with everything on board.

"Well, Captain Smollett," Mr Trelawney said to him. "Is everything in order?"

"Well, sir," said the captain, "I had better speak plainly. I don't like this trip, I don't like the men, and I don't like my officer."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired Mr Trelawney, very angry, as I could see.

"I can't answer that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. "She seems a good vessel. That is all I can say."

"Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?"

But here Dr Livesey interrupted. "Wait a moment," he said. "I'd like the captain to explain his words. You don't, you say, like this trip. Now, why?"

"I was employed, sir, on secret orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he ordered," said the captain. "That's all right. But now I find that every man on

board knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, do you?"

"No," said Dr Livesey, "I don't."

"Next," said the captain, "I learn we are going to look for treasure—hear it from my own men! Now, treasure is risky work; I don't like treasure voyages at all, and I don't like them, particularly when they are secret, and when the secret has been told to everyone. I believe that neither of you gentlemen knows what you are doing, but I'll tell you what I think it will be—life or death—and it will be a close fight."

"Perhaps that's true," replied Dr Livesey. "We take the risk, but we are not so foolish as you believe us. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

"I don't like them, sir," answered Captain Smollett. "And I think I should have been allowed to choose my own men."

"Perhaps you should," replied the doctor. "My friend ought perhaps to have taken you with him, but he did not intend to treat you rudely. And you don't like Mr Arrow?"

"I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman, but he's too friendly with the crew to be a good officer. An officer should keep himself to himself—shouldn't drink with the men."

"Well, now, Captain," said the doctor, "tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this trip?"

"Like iron," answered Mr Trelawney.

"All right," said the captain. "Then, hear a few words more. They are putting the powder—the gunpowder—and the arms under the men's sleeping place. Now, you have a good place under here, where we are; why not

put them there?—first point. Next, you are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some of them are to sleep with the crew. Why not give them places here beside us?—second point."

"Any more points?" asked Mr Trelawney.

"One more," said the captain. "There's been too much talking already."

"Far too much," agreed the doctor.

"I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Captain Smollett; "that you have a map of an island, that there are red marks on the map to show where treasure is, and that the island lies—" And then he named the exact spot. "Well, gentlemen, I don't know who has the map; but I want it to be kept secret even from me and Mr Arrow. If you cannot promise to do that, I want you to let me leave the ship."

"I see," said the doctor. "You wish us to keep this matter secret, and you want us to keep all the arms and powder in this part of the ship, and to keep our men here also. In other words, you fear that there will be actual fighting on board."

"Sir," said Captain Smollett, "I did not say that. No captain, sir, ought to go to sea at all if he had reason enough to say that. I believe Mr Arrow to be thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man on board. I see things that seem to me to be wrong. And I ask you to make certain arrangements which I consider necessary for safety, or to allow me to leave the ship. And that's all."

And he went away.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "though I did not imagine so at first, I now believe that you have really got two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, yes!" cried Mr Trelawney, "but I think the captain has behaved neither as a man, nor as a good seaman."

"Well," said the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came up on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, shouting "Yo-ho" as they worked, while the captain and Mr Arrow watched them.

Long John and the last few men arrived in a boat. The cook came up the side like a monkey for quickness, and, as soon as he saw what the men were doing, "Oh!" he said, "what's this?"

"We're changing the powder, John."

"If we do," cried Long John, "we'll miss the time for sailing!"

"My orders!" said the captain shortly. "You may go below, cook. The men will want supper."

"Yes, sir," answered the cook, and he disappeared at once in the direction of his kitchen.

"That's a good man, Captain," said the doctor.

"Perhaps he is, sir," replied Captain Smollett. He saw me examining the gun which we carried in the middle of the ship. "Here, you, ship's boy!" he cried. "Out of that! Go to the cook and get some work!"

I agreed with Mr Trelawney, and hated the captain deeply.

Chapter ten

The voyage

I was tired out when, a little before daylight, the ship was ready to sail. Even if I had been twice as tired, I would not have gone to bed; it was all so new and interesting to me—the quick commands, the sound of the whistle, the men running to their places in the weak

light of the ship's lamps.

"Now, Barbecue, let's have a song," cried one voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Here you are," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch, and at once began to sing the words I knew so well:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—"

And then the whole crew joined in:

"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Soon the sails began to fill, and the land and the other ships started to slip by on either side, and before I could lie down to get an hour of sleep the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to the Island of Treasure.

I am not going to describe that voyage. The ship *was* a good ship, the crew were good seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came to Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which I must mention.

Mr Arrow turned out even worse than the captain had feared. After a day or two at sea, he began to appear with wandering eyes, red cheeks, a foolish tongue, and other marks of having drunk too much.

One dark night with a rough sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Gone!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves us trouble."

But there we were, without an officer to do his work. Job Anderson was the best of the seamen on board. Mr Trelawney had been a ship's officer, and his knowledge made him very useful. And Israel Hands was a careful, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted with almost anything. He was a great friend of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of Silver, our ship's cook (Barbecue, as the men called him).

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said Israel Hands to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book. And brave—a lion's nothing beside Long John! I've seen him fight four men, and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to everyone and helping everybody. To me he was very kind and was always glad to see me in the kitchen, which he kept beautifully clean, the dishes hanging up polished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come in, Hawkins," he used to say. "Come and have a talk with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint—I call my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous pirate. Here's Cap'n Flint, saying that our voyage will be successful. Weren't you, Cap'n?"

And the parrot said, very rapidly, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

Mr Trelawney and Captain Smollett were still far from friendly to each other. Mr Trelawney did not even pretend to like or respect the captain. The captain himself spoke only when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted.

We had some heavy weather, which only proved what a fine ship the *Hispaniola* was. Every man on board seemed well content, and they would have been hard to please if they had not been; for I believe that no ship's company was ever so well treated. The food was good, and plenty of it. There was a barrel of apples open, for anyone to take one.

"It isn't wise," the captain said to Dr Livesey. "If you treat sailors too well, you make devils. That's my experience."

But the apple barrel did have a good result.

It was about the last day of our outward voyage. Some time that night, or, at latest, before noon of the next day, we should come in sight of the Treasure Island.

Just after sundown, when all my work was over, I thought that I should like an apple. So I went up to get one.

There were hardly any apples left, so I climbed right into the barrel. I was sitting down there in the dark, when a heavy man sat down and leaned his shoulders against it. I was going to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I knew I dare not move. I lay there, shaking with fear because those dozen words told me that the lives of all the honest men on board depended on me alone.

Chapter eleven

What I heard in the apple barrel

"First," said Silver, "I sailed with England, then with Flint—that's my story. I gained nine hundred pounds with England, and two thousand with Flint. That isn't bad for a plain seaman, and all of it kept safely. It isn't getting money, it's saving that matters. Where are all England's men now? I don't know. Where are Flint's? Well, most of 'em on board here, and glad to get the food. They'd been begging before that, some of 'em. Old Pew, who had lost his sight, spent twelve hundred pounds in a year, like a lord. Where is he now? Well, he's dead now, but for two years before that, he hadn't a penny—begging for food, he was—and stealing, and cutting throats, just to get a bit to eat!"

"So pirating isn't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

You may imagine how I felt as I listened to their conversation

"It isn't much use for fools!" cried Silver. "But now, you look here. You're young, you are, but you're as sharp as a needle. I saw that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man."

You may imagine how I felt when I heard the man using the same sweet words as he had used to me.

"That's the life of gentlemen of fortune," he went on. "They live rough, and they risk hanging, but they eat and drink the best and, when a voyage is done, it's hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of pence in their pockets. Most of that goes for rum and enjoyment, and then they have nothing. But that's not what I do. I put it all away."

"Well," replied the lad, "I didn't like this business till I had this talk with you, John. But I'm with you, and I'll shake hands to show it."

"And a brave lad you are, a wise one, too," answered Silver, shaking hands so hard that the barrel shook, "and a finer gentleman of fortune I never set my eyes on."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By a "gentleman of fortune" they plainly meant a common pirate, and the little scene that I heard was the last part of turning an honest man into a bad one —perhaps the last honest man left on board. Silver gave a little whistle, and a third man came up and sat down by the party.

"Dick's all right," said Silver.

"Oh, I knew Dick was all right," answered the voice of Israel Hands. "He's no fool. But here's what I want to know, Barbecue: how long are we going to wait and do nothing? I've had almost enough of Cap'n Smollett; he's spoken roughly to me long enough, by thunder! I want to live in that end of the ship. I want their nice food and wines, and so on. When? That's what I say."

"When!" cried Silver. "Well, I'll tell you when. The last possible moment, that's when. Here's a first-class seaman, Cap'n Smollett, who sails the ship for us. Here's this Mr Trelawney and the doctor with a map. Well then, Mr Trelawney and the doctor are going to find the treasure for us, and help us to get it on board, and then I'll finish with them at the island, as soon as we've got the goods on board."

"But," asked Dick, "when we have finished with them, what are we going to do with them?"

"That's the man!" cried the cook admiringly. "That's what I call business. Well, what do you think? Put 'em on shore and sail away, and leave them there? That's what England would have done. Or cut 'em down like sheep? That's what Flint or Billy Bones would have done."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. "'Dead men don't bite,' he used to say."

"Right you are," said Silver. "What I say is—death. When I'm riding in my carriage, I don't want any of these gentlemen of ours coming home unexpectedly. *Wait* is what I say, but when the time comes, let's do the business thoroughly. Dick!" he added, "you just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple. I'm thirsty."

You may imagine my terror! I would have leapt out and run, if I had found the strength, but my limbs and heart failed me. I heard Dick begin to rise, and then someone stopped him and the voice of Hands exclaimed: "Oh, stop that! Don't you go eating that dirt, John. Let's have rum."

"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. I know how much there is in the barrel, remember. There's the key. You fill a pot and bring it up."

Dick was only gone for a few minutes. Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. I could only hear a word or

two, but I did hear some important news in these words: "Not another man of them will join." So there were still some faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another they took the pot and drank; one—"To good fortune"; another—"Here's to old Flint"; and Silver—"Here's to ourselves."

Just then a sort of brightness came into the barrel and, looking up, I found the moon had risen, and was making our sails look like silver, and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout man shouted, "Land!"

Chapter twelve

A plan of war

There was a great rush of feet. Slipping quickly out of my barrel, I got behind the sail, and came out in the open in time to join Hunter and Dr Livesey in the rush to the side of the ship.

Away to the southwest of us we saw two low hills, about two miles apart, and rising behind one of them a third and higher hill. I saw it almost in a dream, because I had not yet recovered from my terrible fear of a minute or two before. And then I heard Captain Smollett giving orders, and the *Hispaniola* changed direction.

"And now, men," said the captain, "has any one of you ever seen that land before?"

"I have, sir," said Silver. "I went on shore to get water there with a trading ship I was cook in."

"There is a safe bay on the south, behind a little island, isn't there?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir. That bay was a great place for pirates once. That big hill was called by the pirates the Spyglass, because of the lookout man they used to keep there when they were cleaning their ships in the bay."

"I have a map here," said Captain Smollett. "See if that's the place."

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the map, but by the fresh look of the paper, I knew that it was not what he had hoped to see. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but a careful copy, complete in all things except the red marks and the writing. Silver hid his feelings.

"Yes, sir," he said, "this is the spot, and very well drawn. Who made this map, I wonder? The pirates could not have done that. Yes, here it is: 'Captain Kidd's Bay'—just the name my friend called it. There's a strong current runs along the south, and then away northward up the west coast. You were right, sir, to change direction."

"Thank you, my man," says Captain Smollett. "I'll ask you, later on, to give us some help. You may go."

While I was still trying to find some good reason for speaking to Dr Livesey, he called me to his side. He had left his pipe below, and he wanted me to fetch it, but as soon as I was near enough to speak and not to be heard by others, I said quickly: "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and Mr Trelawney away and then find some reason for sending for me. I have terrible news."

The doctor's face changed a little, but next moment: "Thank you, Jim," he said quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know," as if he had asked me a question.

And he turned and joined the other two. They spoke together for a little, and though none of them raised his voice, it was plain enough that Dr Livesey had told them what I had said, because the next thing that I heard was the captain giving an order to Job Anderson, who called the men together.

"My lads," said Captain Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land is the place we have been sailing to.

Every man on board has done his duty well. So Mr Trelawney and I and the doctor are going below to drink to the occasion, and you'll have rum served out for you to drink too."

The three gentlemen went below and, not long after, a message came that Jim Hawkins was wanted.

I found them all three sitting round the table. The doctor was smoking in a way that showed that he was excited.

"Now, Hawkins," said Mr Trelawney, "you have something to say."

I told them in as few words as possible all that Silver and the others had said. Nobody said anything to me till I had finished, but they kept their eyes on my face all the time.

"Now, Captain," said Mr Trelawney, "you were right, and I was wrong. I was a fool, and I am waiting for your orders."

"No more a fool than I, sir," answered the captain. "I never knew a case like this before. When a crew is going to give trouble, or intends to murder its officers, it always shows signs of it, so that any man can see, and prepare for it. But this crew has been too clever for me. I don't understand it."

"Captain," said the doctor, "it is because of Silver. He is a very unusual kind of man."

"He'd look unusually well hanging up with a rope round his neck, sir," replied the captain. "But this is talk; it doesn't lead to anything. We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the order to turn back, they would rise at once. We have time at least until the treasure's found. There are faithful men. Now, sir, there is going to be a fight, and I think we should act quickly and start the fight when they least expect it. We can be sure, I suppose, of your own home servants,

Mr Trelawney?"

"Yes."

"Three," said the captain, "and ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins, here. Now, about the honest men?"

"Probably Trelawney's own men," said the doctor, "those he had chosen before he met Silver."

"No," Trelawney replied. "Hands was one of mine. And to think that they're all Englishmen! I'd like to burn the ship and them in it!"

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "I can only say that we must wait and watch carefully. It's difficult, I know. It would be pleasanter to fight. But we can't do that till we know our men."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than anyone. The men are not afraid of him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

This made me rather frightened, because I felt altogether helpless. But the captain was right: there were only seven out of twenty-six whom we knew we could trust and, out of these seven, one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

Chapter thirteen

I go on shore

Next morning there was no wind at all. We were lying about half a mile to the southeast of the coast. Grey-coloured woods covered a large part of the land. The hills stood clear above the wood in towers of naked rock.

We had a long morning's work ahead of us. There was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out to pull the ship three or four miles round the corner of the island, and up the narrow entrance to the bay behind the small island. I offered to go in one of the boats, to get

off the rolling ship. The heat was terrible, and the men complained fiercely about their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he complained as loudly as any of them.

"Well," he said with curses, "it's not for ever."

I thought this was a very bad sign; until that day, the men had done their work quickly and quietly, but the very sight of the island had made them less ready to obey orders.

All the way in, Long John stood by the man at the wheel of the *Hispaniola*. He knew the place perfectly, and never once paused.

We stopped in the middle of the bay, the mainland on one side and the small island on the other. The bottom of the sea was clean sand.

The men had behaved badly in the boats, but their behaviour was worse when they came on board. They lay about whispering together. They received any order with a black look, and they obeyed it only slowly and carelessly.

We were not the only ones who saw the danger. Long John was very busy going from group to group, giving good advice, and he himself showed a good example. If an order was given, John was up on his crutch in an instant, and when there was nothing else to do, he sang one song after another, as if to hide the discontent of the rest. Long John was clearly anxious, and that was the blackest of all the black signs on this terrible afternoon.

We met together to consider the position.

"Sir," said the captain, "if I give another order, the whole crew will attack us. You have seen how it is. I get a rough answer, don't I? Well, if I speak angrily, the fighting will begin at once. If I don't, Silver will see that we have found out something. Now, we've only one man to trust."

"And who is that?" asked Mr Trelawney.

"Silver, sir," said the captain. "He's as anxious as you and I to keep things calm. This is a quarrel; he'd soon talk to them and settle it if he had the chance, and what I intend to do is to give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon on shore. If they all go, we'll have the ship, and we can defend it against them. If some go, I am perfectly certain that Silver'll bring 'em on board again as gentle as lambs."

We all agreed. Then the captain went and spoke to the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired. A walk on shore'll hurt nobody—the boats are still in the water. Those who want to can go on shore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sunset."

Perhaps they thought they would find the treasure as soon as they landed, because they all became cheerful in a moment.

The captain was too wise to stay. He got out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party. If the captain had been present, he could not even have pretended not to understand what was going on. It was quite clear. Silver was the captain, but his crew had not learnt to obey him.

But at last the arrangements were made. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver, began to get into the boats.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad ideas that helped so much to save our lives. If Silver left six men, it was plain our party could not take and defend the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that our party had no immediate need of my help. So I decided to go on shore. I quickly slipped over the ship's side, and curled up in the front part of the

nearest boat and almost at once she moved off.

No one took notice of me, only one of the rowers saying, "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over and called out, "Is that Hawkins?" From that moment I began to feel sorry for what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach, but the boat I was in was the lighter and the better rowed, and it was soon far in front of the other, and landed among the trees on the shore. I caught a branch and swung myself out, and rushed into the bushes, while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting.

But of course I took no notice. Jumping, falling and breaking through, I ran straight on, till I could run no longer.

Chapter fourteen

The first blow

I was so pleased at having slipped away from Long John, that I began to enjoy myself and look around me, interested in the strange island. I came to a wood of oak-like trees with branches which grew low along the sand, the leaves thick, like a roof.

Soon I heard the distant sound of a human voice, which grew steadily louder and nearer. I crept under cover of the nearest tree, and hid there, listening, as silent as a mouse.

At last the speakers seemed to have stopped; they were not coming nearer. Creeping on my hands and knees, I moved slowly towards them till at last, through an opening among the leaves, I could see down into a little green hollow, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face.

Silver was saying, "It's because I'm your friend that I'm warning you. It's to save your neck that I'm speaking, and if one of the wild fellows knew it, where would I be, Tom—now, tell me, where would I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—he was red in the face, and his voice shook—"you're old, and men say you're honest and you've got money, too, which lots of poor seamen haven't, and you're brave, I know. And will you let yourself be led away with that crowd of beasts? Not you! For myself, I'd rather die than turn against my duty—"

Suddenly there was a noise in the distance. I had found one of the honest men here—Tom. The distant noise told me about another. Far away over the low land, it was a sound like a cry of anger, and then one terrible long-drawn cry.

Tom had jumped when he heard it, but Silver had not moved. He stood where he was, watching his companion, like a beast about to spring.

"John," said the sailor, "in heaven's name, tell me, what was that?"

"That?" replied Silver, smiling, but more careful than ever, one eye a mere pinpoint in his big face. "That? Oh, I think that'll be Alan."

And then poor Tom's anger flashed out. "Alan!" he cried. "A loyal and true seaman! John Silver, you have been a friend of mine, but you're a friend of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die doing my duty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me too, if you can."

And this brave fellow turned his back on the cook, and started walking towards the beach. But he did not go far. As quick as lightning, John seized the branch of a tree, took the heavy crutch from under his arm and sent it flying through the air. It struck poor Tom, with its point, right between the shoulders in the middle of his

Silver drove his knife into Tom's body

back, His hands flew up, he gave a cry, and fell.

He had no time to recover. Silver, quick as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on top of him in a moment and had twice driven his knife in that helpless body. From my hiding place, I could hear his breath as he struck the blows.

I did not faint, but for the next few moments the whole world swam away from me in a mist.

When I recovered, the devil was standing up, his crutch under his arm. Just in front of him, Tom lay lifeless on the grass, but the murderer was not looking at him. He put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle and blew it. I could not be sure what that was for, of course, but it immediately awoke my fears. More men would be coming. They might find me. They had already killed two of the honest men: after Tom and Alan, might I be next?

I began to creep away, as quickly and silently as I could, towards higher ground. As I did so, I could hear shouts coming and going between the old pirate and his companions, and this sound of danger drove me on. As soon as I was clear of the bushes I ran as I had never run before, not caring about my direction, except that it must be away from the murderers.

As I ran, I had drawn near to a little hill. And here a fresh alarm made me stop.

Chapter fifteen

The man of the island

From the side of the hill, which was very steep, a number of small stones came rolling and jumping down through the trees. My eyes turned in that direction, and I saw a figure leap very rapidly behind a tree. What was it —bear, man or monkey? I did not know. It seemed dark

and hairy, that was all. But the terror of this new thing stopped me.

I was now, it seemed, cut off from both sides: behind me the murderers, in front of me this *something* waiting in hiding. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I did not know. Silver himself appeared less terrible than this creature of the woods. I turned and began to go in the direction of the boats.

At once the figure appeared again. It made a wide circle and began to try to get in front of me. Even if I had not been tired, I could never escape from this enemy by speed. From tree to tree the creature went like a deer. It ran man-like on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, bending almost double as it ran. But it *was* a man, I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to remember what I had heard about wild men, and I wanted to call for help. But the mere fact that he was a man gave me greater hope and courage, and my fear of Silver began to return to me. So I stood still and tried to think of some way of escape. Then I remembered that I was carrying a pistol, and could defend myself. With that thought my courage came back and I turned and walked quickly towards this man of the island.

He was hiding behind another tree, but he must have been watching me closely. As soon as I began to move in his direction, he appeared and took a step to meet me.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded rough and strange, as if it had not been used for a long time. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am, and I haven't spoken to a human creature for three years."

I could now see that he had been quite a good-looking man. His skin was burnt by the sun, even his lips were black, and his blue eyes looked quite surprising in so

dark a face. He was clothed in pieces of sailcloth held together in the strangest ways, by bits of string, pieces of stick, and such things.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"No," he said, "I was marooned."

I had heard that this terrible punishment was common among the pirates. They put the unfortunate man on shore on an unknown island, with a little powder and shot, and left him there.

"Marooned three years ago," he continued, "and I've lived on goats since then, and forest fruits and shellfish. Wherever a man is, a man can provide for himself. But my heart is sick with desire for proper food. You haven't got a piece of cheese with you, now?"

"If ever I can get on board again," I said, "you shall have lots and lots of cheese."

"If ever you can get on board again?" he repeated. "Why? Who's going to prevent you? Tell me—young man—what do you call yourself?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true: that isn't Flint's ship?" he asked.

There was fear in his voice, and I began to believe that I had found a helper. I answered him at once. "It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you asked me—there are some of Flint's men on board, and that's bad for the rest of us."

"Not a man—with one—leg?" he whispered.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver! That was his name."

"He's the cook, and their leader, too."

"If you have been sent by Long John," he said, "I'll soon be dead, and I know it."

I made my mind up in a moment, and I told him the whole story of our voyage, and the danger in which

we found ourselves. He listened keenly, and when I had finished he put his hand on my head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said, "and you're all in trouble, aren't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn. Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Do you think that Mr Trelawney would be generous to anyone who helped him?"

I told him that Mr Trelawney was the most generous of men.

"Yes, but you see," replied Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean making me a gatekeeper in the park, or giving me a place as a servant; that's not what I want, Jim. Do you think he would pay me as much as—say—one thousand pounds out of money that's really my own already?"

"I am sure he would," I said. "Before we started, he said that all the men were to share."

He seemed satisfied. "Now," he went on, "I'll tell you this, and no more. I was in Flint's ship when he hid the treasure, he and six others—six strong seamen. They were on shore nearly a week, and all the rest of us remained on board the old *Walrus*. One fine day, Flint came by himself in a little boat. The sun was getting up, and he looked terribly white in the face. But there he was, you see, and the six all dead. How he had done it, not a man on board could guess. It was him against six. Billy Bones was his officer, and Long John was in charge of stores, and they asked Flint where the treasure was. 'Ah,' he said, 'you can go on shore, if you like, and stay, but the ship—the ship is going in search of more treasure.' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years ago, and we saw this island. 'Boys,' I said, 'here's Flint's treasure. Let's land and find it.' The captain didn't like that, but my companions were all agreed and landed. They looked for it for twelve days, and every day they became angrier

with me, until one fine morning all of 'em went on board. 'You're not coming, Benjamin,' they said. 'Here's a gun,' they said, 'and an axe. You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself.'

"Well, Jim, I've been here for three years, and not a bit of proper food from that day to this. But now, you listen. This is what you'll say to Mr Trelawney, Jim: 'Gunn is a good man' (you'll say) 'and he puts a great deal more trust in a gentleman born than in these gentlemen of fortune, having been one himself.'"

"Well," I said, "I don't understand. But that doesn't matter, because I don't know how I am to get on board."

"Ah," said he, "that's the difficulty—yes. Well, there's my boat, that I made myself, I keep her under the White Rock. We might try that after dark—"

Just then, although the sun would not set for an hour or two, there rolled over the silent island the thunder of the ship's gun.

"Hi!" he exclaimed. "What's that?"

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."

I began to run towards the bay, my terrors all forgotten and, close at my side, the marooned man in his sailcloth moved easily and lightly.

"Left, left," he said. "Keep to your left, Jim! Under the trees with you!"

The sound of the ship's gun was followed, after some time, by a number of shots from smaller weapons.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I saw the English flag flying above a wood.

Dr Livesey continues the story

Chapter sixteen

The ship is deserted

It was about half past one when the two boats went on shore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, and Trelawney, and I were discussing matters below. If there had been a breath of wind, we should have attacked the six pirates who were left on the ship with us; and gone out to sea. But there was no wind, and to complete our helplessness, Hunter came with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and had gone on shore with the rest.

We never doubted Jim Hawkins, but we were anxious for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, we wondered whether we would see the lad again. We ran up on deck. The six fellows were sitting talking under a sail; on the shore we could see the boats tied up, and a man sitting in each, near the mouth of the river.

Waiting was terrible and we decided that Hunter and I should go on shore with the captain's small boat to find out the position.

The men had taken their boats to the river mouth, but Hunter and I rowed straight in, in the direction of the stockade on the map. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed surprised when they saw us. The singing stopped, and I could see them asking each other what they ought to do. If they had gone and told Silver, our story might have had a different end. But they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and start singing again.

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I rowed so as to put it between us. So, even before we landed, we were out of sight of the boats. I jumped out, and moved

quickly but quietly, with two loaded pistols.

In less than a hundred metres, I came to the stockade.

I'll try to describe it. A spring of clear water rose near the top of a little hill. On the hill, and enclosing the spring, they had put a strong log house, big enough for forty people, with holes for guns on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and ringed it with a fence two metres high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labour, and too open to shelter the attackers. The people in the log house were in a strong position. They could stand in shelter and shoot any attackers. All they needed to do was to keep a good watch and to have enough food.

What particularly pleased me was the spring. Though we were quite comfortable in the *Hispaniola*, with plenty of arms and gunpowder and things to eat, and excellent wines, we had forgotten one thing—we had very little water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death.

"Jim Hawkins is gone!" was my first thought.

I have been a soldier, but I am also a doctor, and a doctor learns not to waste time. And so now I made up my mind in an instant, and returned to the shore, and jumped into the boat.

By good fortune Hunter could row well. We rowed very quickly, and I was soon on board the ship. I found them all shaken, as was natural. Mr Trelawney was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, and one of the six men was clearly shaken too.

"There's a man," said Captain Smollett, nodding towards him, "new to this work. He very nearly fainted, doctor, when he heard the cry. I think we could easily make that man join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we

settled exactly how to carry it out.

We put old Redruth at the foot of the stairs, with three or four loaded guns. Hunter brought the boat round to the window of the officers' room at the back end of the ship, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder, guns, bags of food, and those things which I use as doctor. Trelawney and the captain stayed up above, and the captain called Israel Hands, who was the chief man on board.

"Mr Hands," he said, "here are two of us with two pistols each. If any one of you six makes a sign of any kind, that man's dead."

They were a good deal surprised and, after a little talking together, they all rushed down the steps, hoping, no doubt, to take us in the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them there, they turned round at once, and a head came out again at the top of the stairs.

"Down!" cried the captain.

The head went back again suddenly and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time we had the boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I joined Hunter in it, and we rowed towards the shore again, as fast as we could.

This second trip alarmed the watchers along the shore. Just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them disappeared. I thought of changing my plan and destroying their boats, but I was afraid that Silver and the others might be close by.

We soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to work to carry our things into the log house inside the stockade. All three made the first journey heavily loaded, and we threw our stores over the fence. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them—one man, but with half a dozen guns—Hunter and I returned to the boat, and

brought another load. We went on like that without pausing to take breath. Then the two men took their places in the stockade, and I rowed back to the *Hispaniola.*

Trelawney was waiting for me on board the ship. He caught the rope and tied it up, and we began to load the boat as fast as we could. We took a lot of meat and bread, and a gun and a sword each for Trelawney, myself and Redruth. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped over the side into the sea; we could see them shining far below us on the clean, sandy bottom.

Redruth left his place at the stairs and got into the boat. Then Captain Smollett prepared to leave the ship.

"Now Abraham Gray," he called out, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at heart. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you half a minute to join me."

There was a sudden rush, a sound of blows, and Abraham Gray burst out, with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek.

"I'm with you, sir," he said.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped into the boat, and we had pushed off.

Continuing the doctor's story:

Chapter seventeen

The boat's last trip

This last trip was quite different from the others. The little boat that we were in was far too heavily loaded. Five grown men were already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, meat, and bread bags. The water was almost level with the edge of the boat; several times it came over, and my clothes were wet

through before we had gone a hundred yards.

Suddenly the captain spoke.

"The gun!" he said.

The five men on the ship were busy with the gun, getting off its cover.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray in a whisper.

"Which of us here can shoot best?" asked the captain.

"Mr Trelawney," I said.

"Mr Trelawney, will you please shoot one of those men for me, sir? Hands, if possible."

Trelawney was as cool as ice. He checked his gun. He raised it. We stopped rowing and leant over the other side of the boat to keep it steady when he fired.

They had now run the gun back in order to load it. Hands was at the front of it, putting in the powder, and so was nearest to us. But just as Trelawney fired, Hands bent down, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry of the wounded man was repeated, not only by his companions on the ship, but by a great number of voices from the shore. Looking in that direction, I saw the other pirates running out from among the trees towards their boats.

"Here come the boats, sir," I said.

"Then," said the captain, "we must row our hardest, even if the boat sinks under us."

"Only one of the boats is coming, sir," I added. "The crew of the other are probably coming by land to cut us off."

"They'll have to run hard," said the captain. "But it's not them I'm afraid of, it's the ship's gun. They can't miss us. Tell us, Mr Trelawney, when you see them ready to fire, and we'll stop the boat suddenly."

We were now only thirty metres from the beach. "If I dared," said the captain, "I'd stop and we'd shoot another man."

But it was plain that they would not let anything delay their shot. They had never looked at their fallen companion, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to drag himself away.

"Ready!" cried Trelawney.

"Hold!" cried the captain.

And he and Redruth pushed backwards with their oars so that the boat stopped. The sound of the gun reached us at the same instant. (This was the shot that Jim heard.) Where the ball passed, not one of us exactly knew, but I think it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have caused our trouble.

The boat sank, quite gently, in a metre of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three went in head first, and came up again wet and breathless.

Nobody was hurt, and we could get to the shore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five were dry and ready for use. I had held mine over my head. The captain had carried his over his shoulder. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our troubles, we heard voices already coming near us in the woods along the shore. We were in danger of being cut off from the stockade. We were also afraid that Hunter and Joyce might not be able to fight half a dozen men.

With all this in our minds we hurried on shore, leaving behind us the boat with half of our powder and food.

Continuing the doctor's story:

Chapter eighteen

End of the first day's fighting

We moved as fast as we could across the narrow wood that now separated us from the stockade. We could hear the voices of the pirates coming nearer.

It was clear that there would be a fight, and I checked my gun.

"Captain," I said, "Trelawney is the best shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless."

The captain did so. At the same time I saw that Gray was unarmed, and I handed him my sword.

Forty metres farther on, we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We came to it at about the middle of the south side and, almost at the same time, seven of the enemy—with Job Anderson at their head—appeared at the southwestern corner.

They paused, as if surprised, and before they recovered, Trelawney and I, and Hunter and Joyce from the stockade, had time to fire. One of the enemy fell, and the rest turned and rushed back into the trees.

After loading again, we walked down the outside of the stockade to see the fallen enemy. He was dead—shot through the heart.

We had just decided to leave his body there when a pistol cracked among the trees, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth fell to the ground. Both Trelawney and I returned the shot but, as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable that we were only wasting powder. Then we loaded, and turned to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him and I saw at once that he would not live.

Our shots had driven away the enemy for a time. We lifted poor Tom inside the stockade. Trelawney dropped down beside him on his knees, crying like a child.

"Am I going, doctor?" Tom asked.

"Tom, my man," I said, "you're going home."

"I wish I had had a shot at them with the gun first," he replied. And not long after that, without another word, he died.

I had noticed that the captain's pockets seemed very full. Now he brought out the English flag, a Bible, some rope, a pen and other things. He set up a long pole and fixed the flag to it. This seemed to make his mind much easier. He went into the log house and began to count the stores.

"It's a pity that we lost the second load," he said. "We have enough powder and shot. But our food stores are short, very short."

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a shot from the ship's gun passed high above the roof of the log house and fell far beyond us in the wood.

"Oho!" said the captain. "Go on firing! You've very little powder already, my lads."

At the second attempt, the aim was better, and the ball fell inside the stockade, scattering sand, but doing no damage.

"Captain," said Mr Trelawney, "the house cannot be seen from the ship. They must be aiming at the flag. Wouldn't it be wiser to take it down?"

"Lower my flag!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I!" And I think we all agreed with him.

All through the evening they kept firing. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand outside the house, but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead in the soft sand.

"There is one thing good about the gunfire," said the

captain. "Our enemies are probably keeping clear of the woods between us and the ship. The tide has gone down a lot by now, and our stores should be uncovered. Who will offer to go and bring them in?"

Gray and Hunter crept out of the stockade, but they had no success. The enemy were busy carrying off our stores, and every man of them had a gun from some secret store of their own.

The captain sat down to write, and here is the beginning of his note:

> *Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham Gray; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants; being all that is left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for no more than ten days—these came on shore this day, and flew the English flag on the log house on Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, shot by the enemy; James Hawkins, boy—*

And at the same time, I was wondering about poor Jim Hawkins.

A shout on the land side.

"Somebody calling us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

"Doctor! Captain! Hunter, is that you?" a voice called.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins come climbing over the stockade.

Jim Hawkins continues

Chapter nineteen

In the stockade

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the flag, he stopped me by the arm, and sat down. "Now," he said, "that's where your friends are."

"Far more probable that it's the enemy," I answered.

"No," he cried. "Silver would never put up the English flag. There has been a fight, and your friends have won it and they are inside the stockade that Flint built years and years ago."

"Well," I said, "if you are right, I must hurry on and join my friends."

"I won't go there," said Gunn, "no—not till I've seen your gentleman and got his solemn promise. But when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just where you found him today. And whoever comes is to have a white thing in his hand, and he's to come alone."

"I think I understand. You want to see Mr Trelawney or the doctor, and we can find you where I met you."

"You won't forget?" he asked anxiously. "And if these pirates camp on shore, they may be sorry for it."

Just at that moment we heard the ship's gun, and a ball from it came tearing through the trees and struck the sand not very far from where we were standing. Each of us ran off in a different direction.

The gun continued firing for an hour, and I thought it unsafe to go near the stockade. At last it stopped and I made my way round to the rear, and was warmly welcomed by my friends.

I had soon told my story and began to look around me. The log house was made of rough trunks of trees.

The cold evening wind whistled through every crack of the building, and scattered the floor with fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof; only a little of the smoke found its way out, and the rest filled the house and got into our throats and into our eyes.

Add to this that Gray had his face tied up and that poor old Tom Redruth lay dead by the wall.

If we had been allowed to do nothing, we should all have despaired, but Captain Smollett would not allow that. He divided us into groups, or "watches". The doctor, Gray and I for one; Mr Trelawney, Hunter and Joyce for the other. Although we were all tired, two were sent out for firewood; two more had to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put on guard at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, encouraging and giving help wherever it was wanted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes from the smoke, and whenever he did so, he had a word for me. "That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And I really mean it, Jim."

After supper, the three chiefs discussed our position. They were very anxious because we had so few stores. Our best hope, they decided, was to kill off the pirates until they either gave up or sailed away with the *Hispaniola*. From nineteen they had already become fifteen. One at least of these—the man shot beside the gun—was seriously wounded, or even dead. And, besides that, we had two good helpers—rum and the heat of the weather. The rum: they were about half a mile away, but we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night. The heat: the doctor said that where

they were camped in the low land, half of them would be lying ill on their backs in less than a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first, they'll be glad to get back in the ship."

"First ship that I ever lost," said Captain Smollett.

I was very tired, and soon fell asleep.

A sound of voices woke me in the morning.

"A white flag!" I heard someone say. "It's Silver himself."

I jumped up and ran to look out through a hole in the wall.

Chapter twenty

Silver's message

There were two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth; the other, Silver himself, standing calmly by.

"Keep inside the hut, men," said the captain. "This is probably a trick." Then, "Who's that? Stand still, or we fire," he shouted.

"White flag of peace," cried Silver.

The captain turned and spoke to us: "Dr Livesey, watch the north side, please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. All check your guns. Quickly, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the enemy. "And what do you want with your white flag?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied. "Cap'n Silver, sir, to offer peace," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain.

Long John answered for himself. "Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me captain, after you deserted the ship, sir"—saying the word "deserted" especially clearly. "We're willing to make peace if we can agree with you.

All I ask is your promise, Captain Smollett, to let me safe and unharmed out of the stockade, and one minute to get away before a gun is fired."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I do not want to talk to you. If you want to talk to me, you can come; that's all. If there are any tricks, they'll be on your side."

"That's enough, Cap'n," shouted Long John. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman."

We could see the man who carried the flag attempting to hold Silver back. And that was not surprising: the captain's answer had been rough. But Silver laughed at him aloud. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw his crutch over, and after several attempts he succeeded in climbing over and dropping safely to our side.

I was far too interested in what was going on to be a good watcher. I had already deserted my place on the east, and crept up behind the captain. He was sitting in the doorway, whistling to himself.

Silver had very hard work getting up the hill because of the steepness of the slope and the soft sand. At last he arrived in front of the captain.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down."

"You aren't going to let me inside, Cap'n?" complained Long John. "It's a cold morning, sir, to sit outside on the sand."

"Silver," said the captain, "if you had wanted to be an honest man, you could have been sitting in your own warm kitchen. It's your own fault. As my ship's cook, you were treated generously. As 'Cap'n Silver', a common pirate, you can go to the devil!"

"Very well, Cap'n," replied the sea cook, sitting down on the sand. "You'll have to help me to stand up again, that's all. A sweet pretty place you have here. Ah, there's Jim! Good morning, Jim. Doctor, my respects to

you. There you are together like a happy family."

"If you have anything to say, my man, say it," said the captain.

"You're right, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Duty is duty, I know. Well now, you were clever last night, really clever. And I must say that some of my men were frightened. Perhaps I was myself. Perhaps that's why I'm here to make peace. But listen to me, Cap'n, you won't do it twice. Oh, no! We'll have to keep better watch and drink less rum. You think I was drunk—but I wasn't. I was tired, and if I'd woken half a minute sooner, I'd have caught you. He wasn't dead when I reached him."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

Silver's words meant nothing to him, but you would not have guessed it from his voice. I myself began to understand. Ben Gunn had paid the pirates a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I guessed that we now had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

"Well, this is what we want," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have it! You would like to save your lives, I guess. You have a map, haven't you?"

"Perhaps," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have. I know that," said Long John. "You needn't be so rude to a man, it doesn't help you. What I mean is, we want your map. Now, I never wanted to harm you, myself."

"Don't tell lies," answered the captain. "We know exactly what you wanted to do, and we don't care, because now you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and began to fill a pipe.

"If Abe Gray—" Silver broke out angrily.

"Stop!" said the captain. "Gray told me nothing, and

I asked him nothing."

"Well," said Silver, growing cool again, "perhaps that's so. And if you are going to smoke a pipe, I'll do the same."

And he filled a pipe and lit it, and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a long time.

"Now," continued Silver, "here it is. You give us the map to get the treasure by, and stop shooting poor seamen and breaking their heads while they're asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come on board and I'll give you my promise to leave you somewhere safe on shore. Or you can stay here, and we'll divide stores with you, and I'll promise to send the first ship I see, to rescue you."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out his pipe. "Is that all?" he asked.

"That's all, by thunder!" answered John. "If you refuse, I have nothing else for you except gunshots."

"All right," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, without weapons, I'll promise to take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't—my name is Alexander Smollett, I'm serving under the English flag, and I'll see you all dead here on this island. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you who knows how to sail a ship. You can't fight us. Gray, there, got away from five of you. You're in a very nasty corner, Mr Silver, and so you'll find. And these are the last words you'll get from me. Next time I see you I'll shoot. March, fellow. Get out of here, quickly."

There was murder in Silver's eyes. He shook out his pipe. "Help me to stand up!" he cried.

"No," replied the captain.

"Who'll help me up?" Silver roared.

None of us moved. Cursing terribly, he crept along

the sand till he reached the stockade and could lift himself up again on his crutch.

"In less than an hour, I'll break in your old log house like a rum bottle. Laugh!" he cried, "by thunder, laugh! In less than an hour you won't be laughing. Those that die'll be the fortunate ones."

And with a dreadful curse he went off, was helped across the stockade by the man with the white flag, and disappeared among the trees.

Chapter twenty-one

The attack

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned toward the inside of the house. He found only Gray at his place. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"To your places!" he roared. And then, as we all crept back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll record it that you've done your duty like a seaman. Mr Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had been a soldier!"

We all went quickly to our places. Then he went round the place to check that everything was in order. The guns, powder and shot were all laid ready. The fire was put out in case the smoke got in our eyes. I was ordered to get some breakfast quickly and we took turns to eat.

While this was going on, the captain completed his plan for defending the place.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he ordered. "Don't show yourself too much; keep inside and fire through the doorway. Hunter, take the east side of the stockade. Joyce, you take the west. Mr Trelawney and Gray will take this long north side; that is where the danger is. If

they can cross the stockade and fire in on us through the wall of our log house, we'll be in trouble. Hawkins, neither you nor I can shoot well, so we will load, and help where we can."

The sun had now climbed above the trees. The sand became hot. We took off our coats, and we stood anxiously at our places, suffering in the heat.

Suddenly Joyce lifted up his gun and fired. The sound had scarcely died away when it was repeated and repeated from outside in scattered reply, shot after shot, from every side of the stockade. Several shots struck the log house, but not one entered and, as the smoke cleared away, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a branch waved, not the glimmer of a gun barrel showed the presence of our foes.

"Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir."

"I'm glad to hear you tell the truth," said Captain Smollett. "Load his gun, Hawkins. How many do you think there were on your side, Doctor."

"I know exactly," said Dr Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes—two close together—one farther to the west."

"Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr Trelawney?"

But this was not so easily answered. A lot of shots had come from the north—seven, by Mr Trelawney's counting; eight or nine according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. So it was clear that the attack was going to come from the north, and that on the other three sides we could expect a mere show. But Captain Smollett made no change in his arrangement. If the enemy succeeded in crossing the stockade, they would find any unprotected opening in

the wall to shoot us through.

Suddenly, with a loud shout, a lot of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, and ran straight to the stockade. At the same moment, guns fired from the woods, and a ball sang through the doorway, and knocked the doctor's gun into bits.

The enemy climbed over the fence like monkeys. Mr Trelawney and Gray fired again and again; three men fell, one inside the stockade, two on the outside. But of these, one seemed more frightened than hurt; he was soon on his feet again, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two were dead, one had run away, four had succeeded in getting inside the stockade while, from the shelter of the wood, seven or eight men, each with several guns, kept up a hot but useless fire on the log house.

The four who had got inside ran straight towards the building, shouting. The head of Job Anderson appeared at the middle window in our wall.

"Kill them all!" he roared.

At the same moment, another pirate seized Hunter's gun by the barrel, tore it from his hands and, with one terrible blow, struck the poor man unconscious. Meanwhile a third, running round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway and attacked the doctor with his sword.

Things were now completely changed about. A moment ago we were firing under cover, at an enemy in the open; now it was we who were unprotected.

The log house was full of smoke, and that saved us. Cries and noise, the flashes and bangs of pistol shots, and one loud moan, rang in my ears.

"Out lads, out and fight 'em in the open! Swords!" cried the captain.

I seized a sword and ran out

I seized a sword and ran out of the door into the clear sunlight. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his enemy down the hill. Just then, the doctor beat down the fellow's sword, and sent him on his back, with a great cut across the face.

"Round the house, lads! Round the house!" cried the captain, and even in the excitement I noticed a change in his voice.

I obeyed, turned eastwards and, with my sword raised, ran round the corner of the house. There I came face to face with Anderson. He roared and his blade went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had no time to be afraid but, as the blow still hung over me, leaped to one side. My foot slipped in the soft sand, and I rolled down the slope.

The other pirates were already climbing up the stockade to make an end of us. One man in a red cap, with his knife in his mouth, had even got up on the top and thrown a leg across. Another was just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, at that moment the fight was over, and the victory was ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down Anderson before he had time to recover from his wasted blow. Another had been shot in the act of firing into the house, and now lay wounded, the pistol still smoking in his hand. The doctor had dealt with a third. Of the four who had climbed the stockade, one only remained unwounded and he, leaving his sword on the ground, was climbing out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor. "And you, lads, back into cover."

The last attacker made his escape and disappeared with the rest into the wood. Of the attacking party we could see only the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside of the stockade.

The doctor, Gray and I ran for shelter. The enemy would soon be back where they had left their guns and at any moment the fire might begin again.

There was less smoke in the house and we now saw the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay unconscious from a blow on the head; Joyce lay at his post, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the centre Mr Trelawney was supporting the captain.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Mr Smollett.

"All that could," replied the doctor, "but five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "That's better. They have lost five, and we only three. That leaves us four against eight."

Chapter twenty-two

Ben Gunn's boat

The pirates did not return; they had had enough punishment for one day.

Hunter lived only for a few hours. The captain's wound was serious, but not dangerous. For a few weeks he would not be able to move his arm.

After dinner Mr Trelawney and the doctor sat by the captain's side. They talked until a little past noon, then the doctor took his hat and pistols, put the map in his pocket and, with a gun over his shoulder, crossed the stockade on the north side and set off quickly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the log house. Gray was so surprised that he took his pipe out of his mouth and forgot to put it back again.

"Is Dr Livesey mad?" he said.

"Oh, no!" I said. "Not Dr Livesey!"

"Well," said Gray, "he may not be mad; but if *he's* not, *I* am."

"I think," I replied, "that he's going to see Ben Gunn." I was right, as I found out later.

The house was hot. The sand round it was burning in the midday sun, and I thought how lucky the doctor was, walking in the cool shadows of the woods.

I knew that I would not get permission to leave the stockade, so I decided to slip out without being seen. I went to the bread bag and filled both my pockets. I also took two pistols, and powder for them. No one noticed me.

My idea was not a bad one. I had seen a white rock the evening before, and I wanted to see whether that was where Ben Gunn had hidden his boat.

Mr Trelawney and Gray were attending to the captain's wound. I climbed quickly over the stockade and ran into the nearest group of trees. I made my way through the wood, and soon cool breaths of sea air began to reach me. A few steps farther on, I came out on the shore.

I walked along the shore with great enjoyment till I thought that I had gone far enough to the south. I then went in among some thick bushes, and crept carefully up to the top of the cape.

I could see the *Hispaniola* lying in the calm water behind the little island, every line of it pictured in the clear sea beneath. Near it lay one of the boats, with Silver in it. Two men were leaning over the side of the ship talking to him. One of them was the fellow with a red cap whom I had seen some hours before on the top of the stockade.

Soon after, the boat moved off towards the shore, and the man with the red cap and his companion went below.

The sun went down behind the Spyglass and it soon began to grow dark. I saw I must waste no time if I wanted to find the boat that evening.

I could see the white rock above the bushes, but it took me a long time to creep through them and reach it. Night had almost come when I touched its rough sides. Hidden below it, there was a small grassy hollow with a little tent made of goatskins.

I climbed down into the hollow and lifted the side of the tent—and there was Ben Gunn's boat, a rough thing made of wood and goatskins. It was very small, even for me.

When I had found the boat, I ought, of course, to have gone back to the stockade, but another idea came to me. This was to slip out under cover of night, cut the *Hispaniola* free, and let her be carried on shore by the wind and waves wherever she might happen to go. After our victory of the morning, the pirates might be eager to get on the ship and sail away; it would be a fine thing to prevent this. They had left no boat for the men who were on board, so it seemed that I could do it with little risk.

I sat down to wait for darkness, and made a good meal of bread. It was an excellent night for my purpose. The sky was clouded over. As the night fell, thick blackness settled over Treasure Island. I put Ben Gunn's boat on my shoulder and felt my way out of the hollow.

As I looked round, there were only two points that could be seen in the circle of blackness. One was the great fire on shore where the pirates sat drinking and singing, and the other, a faint misty light, was the ship.

I found my way down the wet sand to the water's edge and put the boat in the sea.

Chapter twenty-three

Wind and current

Ben Gunn's boat was safe enough for a person of my size, but she was the most peculiar thing to control. Whatever I did, she always travelled sideways, and turning round and round was the thing she was best at.

At last I saw the ship as a mass of something blacker than darkness. Then she began to take shape, and the next moment I had my hand on the rope which held her.

The outflowing tide was dragging at the ship, and the rope was stretched tight. If I cut it with my knife, the *Hispaniola* would go rushing out to sea.

But then I remembered that to cut a rope when it is stretched tight is very dangerous. If I cut the *Hispaniola* free, the loose end of the rope would knock me and my boat out of the water. Just while I was thinking this, a light breath of wind drove the *Hispaniola* up into the stream. To my great joy, I felt the rope grow loose under my hand.

I took out my knife, opened it with my teeth, and cut almost through the rope. Then I lay quiet, waiting to cut the rest when a breath of wind came again.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the ship, but my mind had been so busy with other thoughts that I had not listened. Now, while I was waiting, I did listen.

One speaker was Israel Hands. The other was, of course, the man in the red cap. Both men had clearly been drinking; even while I was listening, one of them opened the window and threw out an empty bottle. But they were not only drunk; it was plain that they were very angry. I heard loud curses and I was sure it would end in blows.

At last the wind came; the ship drew nearer in the dark; I felt the rope become loose and, with one good stroke, I cut it through.

I was almost immediately driven against the side of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time the ship began to turn, moving slowly round across the current.

I worked hard to keep my little boat from going under. I could not push it directly off the ship's side, so I pushed back to let the ship leave me behind. At last I was away from it and, just as I gave a last push, I felt a light rope hanging over the end of the ship. I seized it at once.

I can't say why, but when I had it in my hands, I decided to have one look into the ship through the window just above me. I pulled my little boat towards the ship. When I thought I was near enough, I stood up in my boat (at great risk) and was able to see inside the officers' room.

By this time the ship and my boat were moving quickly through the water; indeed we had already come level with the campfire. Until I got my eyes above the edge of the window, I could not understand why the watchmen had noticed nothing. But one look was enough, and was all that I dared take, standing in that unsteady boat. It showed me Hands and the other man fighting to the death, each with a hand on the other's throat.

I dropped down into the boat again. I could see nothing for the moment but those two red angry faces swinging together under the smoky lamp, and I shut my eyes to let them grow used to the darkness again.

The whole company round the campfire were singing the words I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest

Hands and the other man were fighting to the death

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden movement of the boat. At the same moment she leant over sharply and seemed to change direction. The speed had also strangely increased.

I looked over my shoulder, and my heart jumped. There, right behind me, was the glow of the campfire. The current had turned sharply, carrying round with it the tall ship and the little dancing boat. Moving more and more quickly, we went onwards to the open sea.

Almost at the same moment there were shouts on board. I heard the sound of hurrying feet, and I knew that the two men had stopped fighting and had understood what had happened.

I lay down flat in the bottom of the boat and prayed to God. I was sure that when we reached the open sea, we should be in rough water and that would be the end. I was not afraid of death, but I could not watch death approaching.

I lay there for hours, expecting death all the time. Then at last sleep came to conquer my terrors, and I lay in my boat and dreamed of home and the old *Benbow Inn*.

Chapter twenty-four

What happened to the boat

It was daylight when I woke up. I was alone in Ben Gunn's little boat at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hidden from me

behind the hills, which on this side came down to the sea in steep cliffs. The *Hispaniola* was not in sight.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were close; the hill bare and dark, the head with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and edged with great masses of fallen rock. I was not far out to sea, and my first thought was to row to the land.

I soon gave up that idea. The waves roared among the fallen rocks and I saw that, if I dared to go nearer, I should be killed on the rough shore, or waste my strength trying to climb those cliffs.

The boat would, I knew, be carried to the north, and I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and keep my strength for an attempt to land on the Cape of the Woods.

The wind was blowing from behind, and the waves rose and fell unbroken. I tried sitting up in the boat to row, but this made it too unsteady: the boat ran down a steep slope of water and struck her nose in the next wave, and I was almost lost.

I thought, "I must lie down to keep the boat steady, but I can give her a push or two in the smooth places." So I lay down flat and, when it was possible, I gave a weak stroke to turn the boat's head to the shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, but I did gain some distance. As we drew near the Cape of the Woods, I saw that I was going to miss that point. But I was quite close in. I could see the cool, green tree tops moving in the wind, and I felt sure I should reach the next cape.

I was terribly thirsty. The sight of the trees so near made me sick with desire for their shade. But I was carried past the cape and as the next bay opened out, I saw something that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I saw the *Hispaniola* with sails set. I was sure, of course, that the

Right in front of me I saw the Hispaniola

men on her would take me, but I was so thirsty that I did not know whether to be glad or sorry at the thought. Before I had decided, I had such a surprise that I could do nothing but gaze and wonder.

When the *Hispaniola* first came in sight, her sails were full and she was running towards the northwest. I thought that the men were sailing the ship back to the bay. But soon she began to turn more and more towards the west, so I thought they had seen me and were going to catch me. Then, at last, she turned with her head to the wind and lay there helpless.

"Fools!" I thought. "They must still be drunk." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have dealt with them.

Then the vessel turned again and sailed off in another direction. This way and that, up and down, north, south, east, west, the *Hispaniola* sailed, and each time ended as she had begun, head to the wind, with empty sails. It became plain to me that no one was steering her. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were drunk, or they had deserted her, I thought. Perhaps I could get on board and return the vessel to her captain.

I got up and began, with all my strength and care, to row after the *Hispaniola*. Once I took in so much water that I had to stop and throw it out, but in time I got more used to the work and guided my boat among the waves, with only occasionally a wave striking her side and throwing water in my face.

I was getting quite near to the ship, and still no one appeared on her. I supposed that she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, and I might shut them in there, perhaps, and take control of the ship.

For a time she continued to run away from me. But at last I had my chance. For a few moments there was hardly any wind. The *Hispaniola* turned slowly round.

The rear of the ship came towards me, with the window still open.

I drew nearer, and was quite near her when the wind came again. The sails filled and off she went. Then round she came again, sideways to me; then round again till she had covered half the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white beneath her. Hugely tall she looked to me from my position in Ben Gunn's little boat.

And then, suddenly I saw the danger. I had hardly time to think. I was on the top of one wave when the ship came leaping over the next. It towered over my head. I sprang up, pushing the boat under water with my feet. I seized one of the ship's ropes and found a place for my feet. I hung there breathless, and the sound of a blow told me that the ship had struck the boat, and I was left on the *Hispaniola*—without a hope of escape.

Chapter twenty-five

I pull down the flag

I climbed up and stepped on to the deck. The two watchmen were there: Red-cap on his back, with his arms stretched out, and his teeth showing between his open lips; Israel Hands leaning against the side, his head on his breast, his hands lying open in front of him, his face deathly white.

At every movement of the ship, Red-cap swung this way and that, but still with outstretched arms and the fixed smile, showing his teeth—a terrible sight. At every movement too, Hands seemed to sink into himself and settle down lower and lower, and at last I could see nothing except his ear.

Around both of them I saw dark blood on the boards, and I was sure that they had killed each other.

While I was looking and wondering, Israel Hands turned round and, with a low moan, worked himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan—which told of pain and fearful weakness—and the way in which his mouth hung open, went right to my heart. But I remembered the talk I had heard from the apple barrel, and all pity left me.

"I've come on board, Mr Hands," I said.

He rolled his eyes round heavily, but he could only whisper one word, "Rum."

I did not answer, but I went quickly below.

The officers' room was such a scene of ruin as you can hardly imagine. All the locked places had been broken open in search of the map. The floor was thick with dirt. The white painted walls bore the marks of dirty hands. As the ship rolled, empty bottles knocked together in the corners.

I found a bottle with some rum left, for Hands, and for myself I got out some bread, some fruit and a piece of cheese. I brought these up with me. Then I went to the water barrel and had a good drink; and then at last I gave Hands the rum.

He must have drunk a quarter of it before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Yes," he said, "by thunder, I wanted some of that."

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Are you badly hurt?" I asked him.

He cursed faintly.

"If that doctor was on board," he said, "I'd soon be all right; but I'm unfortunate, you see, and that's what's the matter with me. That fellow, he's dead, he is," he added, indicating the man with the red cap. "And where have you come from?"

"Well," I said, "I've come on board to take command

I pulled down the pirates' black flag

of this ship, Mr Hands, and you'll please remember that I'm your captain."

I pulled down the pirates' black flag, and threw it over the side.

"God save the King!" I said, "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly, his head on his breast.

"I suppose," he said at last, "I suppose, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll want to get on shore now. We must talk about that."

"Yes," I said, "certainly Mr Hands. Talk." And I went back to my meal.

"This man," he began, nodding weakly at the dead body, "this man O'Brien and I set these sails to sail her back. Well, he's dead now, he is, and I don't know who's going to sail this ship. Unless I tell you how to do it, you can't sail her, I believe. Now, look here, if you give me food and drink, and an old handkerchief to tie my wound up, I'll tell you how to sail her. That's fair, isn't it?"

"I'm not going back to the old place. I intend to get into North Bay, and put her on the beach there."

"Of course you do," he cried. "Why, I'm not such a fool, after all. I've had my chance, I have, and I've lost, and now you've got yours. North Bay? Why, I haven't any choice, have I? I'd help you sail her anywhere, I would. That's my promise."

Well, it seemed to me that there was some sense in this. We made our bargain immediately. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, hoping to turn the northern point before noon, and reach North Bay before high tide, when I could beach her safely.

Then I went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this,

and with my aid, Hands bound up the great wound he had received in the leg, and after he had eaten a little and had swallowed some more of the rum, he began to look better, sat up straighter, and spoke louder and clearer.

I was pleased with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunny weather. I had plenty of water and good things to eat, and my great success made me less afraid of the others' anger for my deserting the stockade. I would have been happy if I had not seen the eyes of Hands as they followed me about, watching me with a curious smile as I did my work.

Chapter twenty-six

Israel Hands

As we got near to North Bay, the tide was still too high to allow us to beach the ship. We sat in silence over another meal.

"Cap'n," said Hands at last, with that same unpleasant smile, "here's my old friend, O'Brien. Couldn't you throw him over the side? I don't usually trouble myself about such things, and I don't take any blame for killing him, but I don't think he looks very pretty there, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job, so he's going to stay there," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "Well, you've spoken freely, and I'll do the same. It'd be very kind if you'd step down below and get me a—get me a bottle of wine, Jim—this rum's too strong for my head."

Israel Hands's words did not seem to me to be spoken naturally. And I certainly did not believe in his preferring wine to rum. He wanted me to go below and leave him alone for some reason—that was plain—but I

could not imagine why. His eyes never met mine, they kept wandering, up and down—now at the sky, now to the dead O'Brien. A child could have seen that he was intending to play some trick on me. I answered at once —with such a foolish fellow it was clearly better to pretend not to have guessed anything.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, it's all the same to me," he replied, "if it's strong, and plenty of it."

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you red, Mr Hands. But I'll have to search for it."

I went down below with as much noise as I could, took off my shoes, ran quietly along, up the other stairs, and put my head up to watch. I knew he would not expect to see me there, but I was very careful; and certainly I was right to suspect him.

He had risen on to his hands and knees. It was clear that his leg hurt him when he moved—I could hear him moan. Then he crept swiftly along and, from its hiding place among some ropes, he took out a long knife, covered up to its handle with dried blood. He looked at it for a moment, tried the point on his hand, and then quickly hiding it in his coat, went back again into his old place.

This was all that I needed to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had taken so much trouble to send me away, it was plain that he intended to use the weapon on me. I knew that he would not use it until we had beached the ship. I hurried back to the officers' room, put my shoes on again, and picked up a bottle of wine. I went up again with this in my hand.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together, and with his eyes half shut as if he were too weak to bear the light. But he looked up when I reached him, knocked

the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a big drink. Then he lay quiet for a little.

We had only two miles to run, but the way was difficult; the entrance to this northern bay was narrow and dangerous. Israel Hands knew his work; his orders were excellent, and I think I carried them out well and quickly.

"Now," said Hands, "look there! There's a good place to beach a ship on. Fine flat sand, sheltered, and trees all round it."

There was a great deal to do—and quickly. The *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran towards the low wooded shore.

The excitement of the work made me watch Hands less carefully. I was so busy that I quite forgot the danger. I might have been killed without a struggle for my life if a sudden fear had not made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a sound, or seen his shadow moving from the corner of my eye. I looked round, and there was Hands, already halfway towards me, with the knife in his right hand.

He threw himself at me. I leapt sideways, and he fell to the deck.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the ship to run about in. But he got up at once, and moved surprisingly quickly towards me. I stopped, drew a pistol from my belt and took a cool aim. The powder was wet, and the pistol did not fire. I cursed myself for my carelessness. Why had I not, long before, loaded it again?

Although he was wounded, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his hair falling over his face and his face itself red with his haste and anger. I had no time to try my other pistol, and I was sure it would be useless. One

thing I saw plainly: I must not simply run away from him or he would quickly trap me again at the other end of the ship.

I paused. Seeing that I meant to turn and run past him, he paused too. As I moved one way, he moved that way. It was a game I had often played on the rocks at home, but never before with such a wildly beating heart. But it was a boy's game, and I thought I could play it better than an old seaman with a wounded leg. My courage began to rise, and I allowed myself a few thoughts on what would be the end of it. I saw that I could make the game continue as long as I liked, but I saw no hope of any escape in the end.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck the sand, and then went over on to one side.

We were both of us thrown over, and both of us rolled, almost together, to the side. The dead Red-cap, with his arms still spread out, came slipping after us. We were so near, indeed, that my head came against Hands's foot with a crack that shook my teeth. In spite of that, I was the first on foot again, because Hands had got mixed up with the dead body. The angle of the deck made it no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape—immediately, because Hands was almost touching me. Very quickly I jumped up and began to climb up hand over hand among the sails.

I had been saved by my quickness; Hands's knife had struck not half a foot below me, as I climbed upwards, and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open, looking up at me with an expression of anger and surprise.

I had a moment to myself, so I quickly loaded both my pistols again with dry powder.

This action came as a nasty shock to Hands. He saw that I was winning. After considering the matter for a

minute or two, he began to climb up slowly and painfully after me, holding the knife in his teeth. Very gradually, groaning all the way, he dragged his wounded leg behind him, and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in each hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr Hands," I said, "and I'll fire!"

He stopped at once. I could see by the expression on his face that he was trying to think. At last he spoke. In order to speak he had to take the knife from his mouth.

"Jim," he said, "I see we've got to make peace. I would have had you but for that roll of the ship. But I'm unfortunate, I am. I suppose I'll have to give in, although it isn't easy for an old seaman to give in to a ship's boy like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words, and very pleased with myself when suddenly his right hand went back over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a sharp pain, and heard the knife point bite into the wood behind me, and there I was pinned by the shoulder. In the terrible pain and surprise of the moment—I can't say that I intended it, and I am sure it was without taking any aim—both my pistols went off, and both fell out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a low cry, Hands loosed his hold, and fell, head first into the water.

Chapter twenty-seven

"Pieces of eight"

Hands fell into the water because the ship was leaning over. He rose once in a mist of blood, and then sank again for ever. As the water settled, I could see him lying on the clean, bright sand.

Both my pistols went off

I began to feel sick, faint and afraid. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The knife, where it had pinned my shoulder, seemed to burn like a hot iron. But it was not so much these real sufferings that were hard to bear, it was the terror I had of falling into that still, green water, beside the body of Israel Hands.

When at last I became calmer, my first thought was to pull out the knife, but it was stuck too hard in the wood behind me. I was caught—by a dead man. My whole body shook with the thought of it. Surprisingly, that movement freed me. The knife held me only by a narrow piece of skin, and my shaking tore it away.

I climbed down, then went below and bound up the wound. There was a good deal of blood, but the wound was not deep or dangerous. Then I looked around me. The ship was now mine and I began to think of clearing it of its last voyager—the dead man, O'Brien.

It was not easy, but with one good pull, I lifted him over the side. The red cap came off and remained floating. And as soon as the water was quiet again, I could see him and Israel lying side by side.

I was now alone on the ship. The sun was setting and the shadow of the trees on the western shore began to reach right across the bay.

I lowered the sails and made everything safe on board, and by the time I had finished, the whole bay was in shadow. It began to be cold. The tide was running out, and the ship was settling down on the sand.

I climbed down a rope and let myself drop gently into the sea. The water hardly reached my waist. I reached the shore just as the sun went down.

The one thing I wanted was to get to the stockade and tell them what I had done. Perhaps they would blame me for deserting, but the taking of the *Hispaniola* was full answer to that, and I hoped that Captain Smollett

would agree that I had not wasted my time.

I came near to the place where I had met Ben Gunn, and I went more carefully. Darkness had come and, as I looked between two hills, I saw a glow against the sky, as if from a roaring fire. Surely my friends would not be so careless, I thought. If I could see it, Silver and his men could see it too.

The moon came up. With this to help me, I completed my journey and drew near to the stockade. On the other side of the house a huge fire had burned itself down into a red glow. There was nobody moving and not a sound.

I stopped—wondering, and perhaps a little afraid. We used not to make big fires, and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent.

I crept round by the eastern end, keeping in shadow, and, at a place where the darkness was thickest, climbed over the stockade.

Then I got upon my hands and knees and crept, without a sound, towards the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, I heard a sound that brought joy to my heart. It is not a pleasant noise in itself and I have often complained of it at other times; but just then it was like music to hear my friends breathing so loud in their sleep.

But they were keeping a very bad watch. That, I thought, was because the captain was wounded; and again I blamed myself for leaving them in that danger with so few to keep watch.

By this time I had got to the door and stood up. It was dark inside and I could see nothing. With my hands out in front of me, I walked in.

My foot struck something soft—it was a sleeper's leg—and he turned, but without waking.

And then, suddenly, a high voice came out of the darkness: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of

eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint!

I had no time to recover. At the sharp voice of the parrot, the sleepers awoke, and sprang up, and the voice of Silver cried: "Who's there?"

I turned to run, struck against one man, fell back, and ran into a second, who caught me and held me tight.

"Bring a light, Dick," said Silver.

And one of the men left the log house and soon returned with a light.

Chapter twenty-eight

In the enemy's camp

The yellow glow of the lamp showed me the terrible position. The pirates had the log house and the stores. There was not a sign of any prisoner, and I could only judge that all my friends had been killed. I wished I had been there to die with them.

There were six of the pirates. Not another man was left alive. Five of them were on their feet, their faces still red with sleep. The sixth had only risen on his arm; his face was very white, and he had a bloody cloth round his head. I remembered the man who had been shot and had run back among the woods in the great attack, and guessed that this was he.

The parrot sat on Long John's shoulder.

"So," said Silver, "here's Jim Hawkins! He's come on a visit, eh? Well, that's friendly."

And he sat down across the barrel, and began to fill a pipe.

"Give me a light for my pipe, Dick," he said. "You needn't stand up for Mr Hawkins, gentlemen. Well, here you are, Jim. I saw that you were a bright lad when I first met you, but this is a real surprise."

I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall and I stood there, looking brave enough, I hope, but with despair in my heart.

Silver went on smoking his pipe.

"Now, Jim, I've always liked you. I always wanted you to join us, take your share, and die like a gentleman —and now, my lad, you've got to! Captain Smollett is a hard man about obeying orders: 'Duty is duty,' he says. Even the doctor is against you now. So you can't go back to your own people. You'll just have to join Cap'n Silver."

I was glad to hear that my friends were still alive, though I partly believed that they were angry with me.

"If you don't want to join us," continued Silver, "you're free to answer no. And that's as fair as anything can be."

"Well," I said, growing a bit bolder, "if I'm to choose, I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"What's what?" repeated one of the pirates in a deep voice. "Ah, he'd be a fortunate fellow who knew that!"

"You'll perhaps shut your face until you're spoken to, friend," cried Silver angrily. Then in his smooth voice he replied to me: "Yesterday morning Dr Livesey came down with a white flag. 'Ship's gone,' he said. We looked out and, by thunder, the old ship was gone. I never saw a set of fools look sillier. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'let's make a bargain.' We bargained, he and I, and here we are—stores, log house and the firewood you were thoughtful enough to cut for us. And your friends —they've marched off. I don't know where they are."

Silver drew again quietly at his pipe.

"And in case you imagine," he went on, "that you were thought of in the bargain, here's the last word that was said: 'How many are you,' I said, 'to leave?' 'Four,'

he said—'four, and one of us wounded. That boy—I don't know where he is, curse him,' he said, 'and I don't care. We're tired of him.' Those were his words."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, it's all that you're going to hear, my son," replied Silver.

"And now I must choose?"

"And now you must choose," said Silver.

"Well," I said, "I'm not such a fool—I know what to expect, and I don't care. I've seen too many die since I met you. But there's a thing or two *I* have to tell *you*," I said, and by this time I was quite excited. "The first is this: here you are, in real trouble; ship lost, treasure lost, men lost—your whole business wrecked. And if you want to know who wrecked it—*I* did! I was in the apple barrel the night we came in sight of land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and I told my friends every word you said. And it was I who cut the ship loose, and it was I that killed the men you had on board her, and it was I who took her where you'll never see her again, not one of you. I've beaten you from the beginning, and I'm no more afraid of you than I am of a fly. Kill me, if you like, or let me live."

To my surprise, not a man of them moved. They all sat gazing at me like sheep.

"I remember something," cried Morgan, the old brown-faced seaman whom I had seen in Long John's inn at Bristol. "It was he that knew Black Dog."

"Well, and," added Silver, "it was this same boy that stole the map from Billy Bones. First and last, we've been wrecked by Jim Hawkins!"

"Then here goes!" said Morgan, with a curse.

And he sprang up, drawing his knife.

"Get back there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom

Morgan? Did you think you were cap'n here, perhaps? By heaven, but I'll teach you! No man ever stood up against me and saw a good day afterwards, Tom Morgan."

Morgan paused, but angry sounds came from the others.

"Tom's right," said one.

"I've had enough ordering about," added another. "I'll be hanged if I'll be ordered by you, John Silver."

"Did any of you gentlemen want to quarrel with *me*?" roared Silver. "You know the way; you're all gentlemen of fortune—or say you are. Well, I'm ready. Take a knife, him that dares, and I'll see the colour of his inside."

Not a man moved; not a man answered.

"That's your sort, is it?" he said. "Well, perhaps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here, by election. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man. You won't fight, as gentlemen of fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey! I like that boy, now; I've never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this house, and what I say is this: none of you is going to do him any harm—that's what I say."

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall, my heart still madly beating, but with a glimmer of hope now. Silver leant calmly back against the wall, his arms crossed, his pipe in his mouth, but out of the corner of his eye he watched his followers. They drew together towards the far end of the log house and their low whispering sounded continuously in my ear. One after another they looked up, and the light of the lamp fell for a moment on an anxious face; but it was not towards me, it was towards Silver that they turned their eyes.

"You seem to have a lot to say," said Silver. "Let me hear it, or stop talking."

"Excuse me, sir," replied one of the men, "but this crew is dissatisfied. This crew has its rights like other crews, and by your own rules we can talk together. I claim my right to step outside and talk there."

And he stepped coolly towards the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the rest followed his example, and left Silver and me alone with the lamp.

The sea cook immediately removed his pipe.

"Now, look here, Jim Hawkins," he said in a steady whisper, that could only just be heard. "You're in very great danger. They're going to throw me off from being their captain. But, remember I'll be on your side. I wasn't, no, not till you spoke up. I was in despair at losing all that treasure, and being hanged too. But I saw you were a good man. I said to myself: 'You help Hawkins, and Hawkins'll help you. You're his last hope and, by thunder, John, he's yours! You save him to say a word for you at the trial, and he'll save your neck.'"

I began to understand.

"You mean you're beaten?" I asked.

"Ay, I do!" he answered. "Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and saw no ship—well, I'm brave enough, but I knew it was the end. That lot—they're fools. I'll save your life—if I can—from them. But, Jim—it's a bargain—you save Long John from hanging."

I did not know what to think—save *him*, the old pirate, the leader all through?

"What I can do, that I'll do," I said.

"It's a bargain!" cried Long John. "If you speak up bravely, I have a chance."

Silver lit his pipe again.

"Understand me, Jim," he said. "I'm not a fool. I'm

on Mr Trelawney's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewhere. How you did it, I don't know, but safe it is. I suppose Hands and O'Brien turned soft. I never much believed in either of them. Now you listen to me. I know I'm beaten, I do, and I know a lad that is honest and will help a fellow."

He drew some rum from the barrel into a tin pot.

"Will you taste?" he asked; and when I had refused: "Well, I'll take a drop myself, Jim," said he. "I need it—there's trouble coming. And, talking of trouble, why did that doctor give me that map, Jim?"

My face expressed such wonder that he saw that it was useless to ask any more questions.

Chapter twenty-nine

The black spot again

"There's trouble coming, Jim," said Silver.

The men came to the door and, standing close together just inside, pushed one of their number forward. He advanced very slowly, pausing as he set down each foot, but holding his closed right hand in front of him.

"Come on, lad," cried Silver. "I won't eat you. Give it to me. I know the rules, I do."

At these words the pirate stepped forward with greater courage, passed something to Silver, and slipped quickly back again to his companions.

The sea cook looked at what the man had given him.

"The black spot! I thought so," he said. "Where did you get the paper? Why! look here, now—this is very bad! You've cut this out of a Bible. What fool has cut a Bible? That will sure bring trouble on you!"

"Ah, there!" said Morgan. "There! What did I say?

'No good'll come o' that,' I said."

"Well, you've certainly fixed it now, among you," continued Silver. "You'll all hang now, I suppose. What soft-headed fool had a Bible?"

"It was Dick," said one.

"Dick, was it? Then Dick can say his prayers," said Silver.

But the tallest of the pirates interrupted. "Stop that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has given you the black spot according to the rules. You must turn it over, according to the rules, and see what's written there. Then you can talk."

"Thank you, George," replied the sea cook. "You always were good at business, and you know the rules all right, George, I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! *Thrown off*—that's it, is it? Very prettily written, like print. Your handwriting, George? Well, you are getting quite a leading man in this crew. You'll be cap'n next, I expect. Give me a light, will you, this pipe's gone out."

"No," said George, "you won't fool this crew any more. You're a wonderful man, by your account, but you're not the captain now, and you'll please step down off that barrel, and help elect a new captain."

"I thought you said you knew the rules," replied Silver with a short laugh. "Well, *I* do, and I wait here —and I'm still your cap'n, mind—till you tell me your complaints and I reply. Till then, your black spot isn't worth a penny. After that, we'll see."

"Oh," replied George, "the complaints! First, you let everything go wrong on the voyage. Second, you let the enemy out of this trap for nothing. Third, you would not let us attack them on the march. And then, fourth, there's this boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver quietly.

"Enough too," replied George. "We shall all hang because of you."

"Well, I'll answer these points. I let the voyage go wrong, did I? You all know what I wanted, and, if we had done it, we'd be on board the *Hispaniola* now, with the treasure in her, by thunder! Who wrecked my plans? Who gave me the black spot the day we landed, and began this foolishness? Anderson, Hands and you, George Merry."

Silver paused, and I could see that his words had had some effect.

"That's one point," he continued. "And it makes me sick to speak to you. I don't know why your mothers let you come to sea. Gentlemen of fortune! Shopkeepers is your trade. Well, the next point—this boy. Are we going to waste him? Can't we hold him a prisoner and use him to bargain with? And the last point, about letting them go safe out of here. Perhaps you think it's nothing to have a real doctor coming to see you every day, you, John, with your head broken—and you, George Merry, with your eyes still yellow with sickness? I made a bargain. I made it because you came creeping to me on your knees, and you'd have died of hunger too if I hadn't—but that's nothing. You look there—that's why I let 'em go!"

And he threw on the floor a paper that I immediately recognised—the map on yellow paper, with the three red marks, that I had found at the bottom of the captain's chest. I could not imagine why the doctor had given it to him.

The pirates could hardly believe their eyes. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another, with cries of joy and laughter, as if they had already got the gold, and were at sea with it in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Flint's mark—'J. F.' and a line

below with a knot in it; that's how he always signed things."

"Fine," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, with no ship?"

Silver suddenly sprang up, supporting himself with a hand against the wall. "Now I give you warning, George!" he cried. "One more word, and you'll have to fight me! *How*? Why, how do I know? You ought to tell me that—you and the rest that lost me my ship with your disobedience, curse you! But you can't tell me. You haven't got the sense of a fly. But you can speak politely, George Merry!"

"That's fair," said the old man Morgan.

"Fair! I think so," said the sea cook. "You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man? And now I give up, by thunder! Elect anybody you like to be your cap'n now; I've finished."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue for ever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the cry, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I guess you'll have to wait another turn, friend, and it's lucky for you that I'm a forgiving man. And now, friends, this black spot? It isn't much good now, is it? Dick has cut his Bible and brought bad fortune on himself, and that's all. Here, Jim—here's a curious thing for you," said Silver, and he threw the paper to me.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep.

It was a long time before I could sleep. My mind was busy with so many things: the man I had killed that afternoon, my own present danger and, above all, the wonderful game that I saw Silver now playing—keeping the pirates together with one hand, and feeling, with the other, for any chance to make his peace with my friends and save his own life. He, himself, slept peacefully.

Chapter thirty

A prisoner

I was awakened by a clear voice calling to us from the edge of the wood.

"Log house, ahoy!" it cried. "Here's the doctor."

I was glad to hear the sound, but I was worried about meeting him.

"You, Doctor! Good morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, awake and cheerful in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure. George, hurry up, son, and help Dr Livesey over the side. All doing well, your sick men, all well and merry . . . "

And he went on talking, standing on the hill top, with his crutch under his arm, and one hand on the side of the log house—quite the old John, in voice, manner and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir," he continued. "We've a little stranger here—ha! ha! A new lodger, sir, and looking in excellent health; slept like a log, he did."

Dr Livesey was by this time across the stockade and near the cook, and I could hear the change in his voice as he said:

"Not Jim?"

"The very same Jim," said Silver.

The doctor stopped. He did not speak. For a few moments he seemed unable to move on.

"Well, well," he said at last, "duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let's see these sick men of yours."

A moment afterwards, he had entered the log house and, with one nod to me, began his work among the sick. He did not seem at all afraid, though he must have known that among these evil men his life was in danger.

He talked to them as if he were paying a visit to a quiet English family. And the men behaved to him as if nothing had happened, as if *he* was still ship's doctor and *they* common seamen under his charge.

"You're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the broken head, "and if ever any person had a narrow escape, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how are you? You're a pretty colour, certainly—yellow; your stomach is upside down man. Did you take that oil? Did he take that oil, men?"

"Yes, sir, he took it," replied Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am pirates' doctor, or 'prison doctor', as I prefer to call it," said Dr Livesey, in his pleasantest way, "I do my best not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the hangman."

The men looked at each other, but said nothing to this.

"Dick doesn't feel well, sir," said one.

"Ah," said Morgan, "that's the result of cutting Bibles."

"It's the result of being foolish," replied the doctor, "and camping on that low land. Silver, I'm surprised at you; you don't seem to have any idea of the rules of health." And he began to examine Dick.

"Well," said the doctor, after he had dealt with them all more like school children than bloodthirsty pirates—"well, that's done for today. And now I want to have a talk with that boy, please."

And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, taking his oil, but he swung round at the doctor's words and cried "No!" with a curse.

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared fiercely. "Doctor," he went on, in his usual voice, "I was thinking of that, knowing that

you like the boy. We all thank you for your kindness and, as you see, we put faith in you, and swallow your oils and your powders as if they were rum. And I think I've found a way that will suit everyone. Hawkins, will you promise not to try to escape?"

I gave the promise.

"Then, Doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside that stockade, and when you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and you can talk through the cracks."

There was a burst of angry talk as soon as the doctor left the house: Silver was told that he was trying to make a separate peace for himself. I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was too clever for them. He called them all fools, waved the map in their faces, asked them if they wanted to break the peace on the very day that they were going treasure hunting.

"No, by thunder!" he cried. "We'll break it when the time comes, and till then I'll trick that doctor for you."

And then he ordered them to get the fire lit, and marched out on his crutch, with his hand tight on my shoulder, leaving them silenced, but not satisfied.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might turn against us in a moment, if we were seen to hurry."

We advanced across the sand to where the doctor was waiting for us on the other side of the stockade. As soon as we were within easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll remember this, Doctor," he said. "The boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and was thrown off for it. Doctor, when a man's playing as dangerous a game as I am, it would be fair to say a good word for him, and give him a bit of hope of mercy."

Silver was a changed man when he was out there and had his back to his friends and the log house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in; his voice shook.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr Livesey.

"I've got courage, Doctor—but I don't like the idea of hanging. And now I'll step to one side and leave you and Jim alone."

So saying, he stepped back a little way till he was out of hearing, and there sat down on a log and began to whistle, turning on his seat to get a sight, sometimes of me and the doctor, sometimes of his dissatisfied crew as they moved about making breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor sadly, "here you are. You got yourself into this trouble. I can't blame you, but I will say this: when Captain Smollett was well, you would not have dared to go, and when he was ill and couldn't prevent it, it was very wrong of you."

The tears came to my eyes. "Doctor," I said, "I have blamed myself enough. I'm going to lose my life, and indeed I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't defended me; and Doctor, believe this, I can die—perhaps I deserve it—but what I fear is that they may kill me slowly. If they do that—"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Jump over and we'll run for it!"

"Doctor," I said, "I promised."

"I know, I know," he cried. "But I can't let you stay here. Jump! One jump and we'll run like rabbits."

"No," I replied. "You wouldn't do it yourself. Silver trusted me; I promised, and I must go back. But, Doctor, you didn't let me finish. I'm afraid of the pain. When I'm in pain I might let them know where the ship is, because I got the ship, partly by good fortune and partly by taking risks, and she lies in North Bay."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him all that had happened, and he listened to me in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he said when my story ended. "Every time, it's you that saves our lives, and do you suppose that we are going to let you lose yours? You found out their plans; you found Ben Gunn —the best deed that you ever did. Oh, by heaven, and talking of Ben Gunn! Silver!" he cried. "Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near, "don't be in a hurry to go for that treasure."

"Why, sir," said Silver, "I can only save my life and the boy's by seeking that treasure."

"Well," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further: be prepared for trouble when you find it."

"Sir," said Silver, "you've said too much or too little. I don't know what you're doing, why you left the log house, or why you have given me that map. And yet I have carried out your orders with my eyes shut, and never a word of hope! But now this is too much. If you won't tell me plainly what you mean, just say so, and I'll do nothing more for you."

"No," said the doctor, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or I'd tell it to you. But I'll go as far as I dare go. And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive out of this trap, I'll do my best to save you."

Silver's face shone. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not even if you were my mother," he cried.

"And I'll give you a piece of advice," added the doctor. "Keep the boy close beside you and, when you need help, give a shout. I'm going to get help for you. Goodbye, Jim."

And Dr Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver and set off rapidly into the wood.

Chapter thirty-one

The treasure hunt—Flint's pointer

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine, and I won't forget it. I saw the doctor waving you to run for it—out of the corner of my eye, I saw it—and I saw you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glimmer of hope I've had since the attack failed, and I owe it to you. And now, Jim, we must go treasure hunting—with secret orders too, and I don't like it—and you and I must keep close, and we'll save our necks in spite of fate and fortune."

Just then a man shouted to us that breakfast was ready, and we sat down to it by the fire.

As Silver ate, he kept on talking. "Ah, lads," he said, "it's a good thing you have Barbecue to think for you. I got what I wanted. It's true that they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet, but once we get the treasure, we'll soon find out. We have the boats, and that makes us stronger than they are. And this boy—that's his last talk with them. I'll take him on a rope when we go treasure hunting, in case of accidents . . . "

And so he went on. The men were very pleased with themselves now, and I was in despair. Silver was still working for both sides. If this plan of his could be carried out, he would do it, because he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a mere escape from hanging on our side. Even if he kept his promise to Dr Livesey, there would be danger for us! He and I would have to fight for our lives, a one-legged man and a boy against five strong seamen.

And I could not understand the strange actions of my friends. Why had they left the stockade? What was the meaning of the doctor's last warning, "Be prepared for

trouble when you find it"? I did not enjoy my breakfast.

We set out, a strange-looking party, all torn and dirty, and all, except me, armed. Captain Flint sat on Silver's shoulder, talking strange sea talk. I had a rope round me and followed after Silver, who held the other end in his free hand, or sometimes in his powerful teeth.

We went down to the beach and got into the boats. As we rowed, there was some talk about the map. The writing on the back was not very clear. As you will remember, it was:

Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, line to a point to the N of NNE.
Island ESE and by E.
Ten feet.

A tall tree was thus the chief mark by which we had to guide ourselves. But there were a lot of tall trees on the high ground in which the treasure seemed to lie, and every man in the boats had chosen a different one of the trees as the right one.

After quite a long trip in the boats, we landed at the mouth of the second river—the river which runs down the side of Spyglass hill. From there we began to climb up to the high ground.

The party spread itself out. About the centre, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed. Holding my rope, he made his way with difficulty over the soft soil. Once or twice, indeed, I had to help him, or he would have fallen backwards down the hill.

We had gone about half a mile and were approaching the top, when the man on the farthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't have found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right.

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it

was something quite different. At the foot of a big tree and partly covered by forest plants, lay what had once been a man. A few pieces of clothing still lay with the bones.

Cold fear struck into every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry. Bolder than the rest, he had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "This is good sea cloth."

"Yes," said Silver, "he would be a seaman. But that's not the way for bones to lie. It's not natural."

The man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above his head, pointing directly the opposite way.

"I've got an idea," said Silver. "Here's the compass. There's the top point of the little island, standing out like a tooth. Just take a sight, will you, along the line of these bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the small island, and the compass showed ESE and by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook, "this is a pointer. Right up there is our line for the blessed treasure. But, by thunder! It makes me cold inside to think of Flint. He would have thought this was a good joke, he would. He and these six men were alone here; he killed 'em, every man, and he dragged this one here and laid him down by compass. Great guns! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Yes, it's Allardyce. You remember Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"I do," replied Morgan, "I remember him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife on shore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his knife lying here? Flint would never take a seaman's things, and the birds, I guess, would leave it."

"That's true!" cried Silver.

"There isn't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling round among the bones. "It doesn't look natural to me."

"No," agreed Silver, "it's not natural, nor nice. Great guns! If Flint was alive, this would be a bad place for us."

"I saw him dead," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he lay, with pennies on his eyes to keep 'em shut."

"Dead—yes, he's dead and gone below," said the fellow with the broken head, "but if ever a man's spirit walked after death, it would be Flint's. He died badly, Flint did!"

"That's right," said another. "He cursed and he shouted for the rum, and he sang. 'Fifteen men' was his only song, and I've never liked to hear it since. It was hot, and the window was open, and I heard that old song coming out clearly—though the hand of Death was on the man already."

"Enough," said Silver. "Stop this talk. He's dead and he doesn't walk, I know—well, he won't walk by day, you may be sure o' that."

We went on, but in spite of the hot sun and the bright daylight, the pirates no longer ran separately through the wood, but kept side by side and spoke in low voices. The terror of the dead Captain Flint had taken hold of them.

Chapter thirty-two

The treasure hunt—the voice among the trees

When we reached the top of the hill, Silver took out his compass and looked again at the map.

"There are three tall trees," he said, "about in the right line from the small island. It'll be easy to find the treasure now. I'd like to have my dinner first."

"I don't want any food," said Morgan. "Thinking of Flint has turned my stomach against food."

Ever since they had found the dead man's bones and had started thinking of Captain Flint, they had spoken more and more softly, and they were almost whispering by now. The sound of their talk hardly broke the silence of the woods.

Suddenly, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, shaking voice began to sing the well-known words:

> "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

The effect on the pirates was dreadful. The colour went from their six faces as if by magic; some leapt to their feet, some caught hold of others; Morgan rolled on the ground.

"It's Flint, by God!" cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off in the middle of a word, as if someone had put his hand over the singer's mouth.

"Come," said Silver, struggling to get the word out through white lips. "It's someone trying to play a trick on us."

His courage had come back as he spoke and some of the colour came back to his face. Already the others had begun to believe his words and to feel bolder, when the same voice came again—not this time singing, but in a faint distant call.

"Darby M'Graw!" it cried, "Darby M'Graw!" again and again and again. And then rising a little higher, "Fetch the rum, Darby!"

The pirates were unable to move. Long after the voice had died away, they still gazed in fearful silence in that direction.

"That fixes it!" whispered one. "Let's go."

"Those were his last words," moaned Morgan, "his last words before he died."

Still, Silver was unconquered.

"Nobody in this island ever heard of Darby," he whispered to himself, "no one except us here." And then, gathering up all his courage, "Men," he cried, "I'm here to get that treasure, and I'll not be beaten by man or devil. I never was afraid of Flint in his life and, by heaven, I'll face him dead. There's seven hundred thousand pounds not a quarter of a mile from here. When did a gentleman o' fortune ever leave that much money, for a drunk old seaman—and him dead, too?"

But his followers showed no signs of awakening courage. Instead, the boldness of his words added to their terror.

"Silence there, John!" said Merry. "Don't anger a spirit."

And the rest were all too frightened to speak. They would have run away one by one, if they had dared, but fear kept them together and kept them close to John, as if his daring helped them. He himself had almost fought his weakness down.

"Spirit? Well, it may be," he said. "But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever saw a spirit with a shadow; well, then, why should a spirit have an echo? That isn't natural, surely?"

This reasoning seemed weak to me. But it had a strong effect on George Merry.

"Yes, that's right," he said. "You're clever, John. And when I think of it, it was *like* Flint's voice, I admit, but not so clear. It was more like somebody else's voice now —it was more like—"

"By heaven—Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

"Yes, so it was!" cried Morgan. "Ben Gunn it was!"

"Whoever it was, it's still a spirit, isn't it?" said Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more than Flint."

But the older men laughed at this.

"Why, nobody cares about Ben Gunn!" cried Merry. "Dead or alive, nobody is afraid of him!"

It was wonderful how they had thrown off their fear. Soon they were talking together, with pauses to listen. There was no further sound and they set out again. Merry walked first, with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line. It was true: dead or alive, nobody was afraid of Ben Gunn.

Only Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was soon plain to me that his illness was growing swiftly worse.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and the compass showed that it was the wrong one. The second was wrong too. The third rose nearly two hundred feet into the air.

Silver hurried on. I could hear his heavy breathing and he cursed like a madman when flies settled on his hot and shining face. He pulled angrily at the rope which held me to him, and occasionally turned his eyes on me with a look of hatred.

Certainly Silver did not try to hide his thoughts, and certainly I read them like print. He was near the gold and had forgotten everything else: his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past. I could not doubt that he hoped to seize the treasure, find and get on board the *Hispaniola* by night, cut every honest throat on that island, and sail away as he had first intended, covered with riches—and blood.

We were getting near to the hiding place of the treasure.

"Come on, all together," shouted Merry, and he started to run.

And suddenly, not ten metres farther, we saw them stop. A low cry arose. Silver rushed on faster and next moment he and I stopped too.

In front of us there was a great hole, not very new, because the sides had fallen in and grass had grown on the bottom. In this there was a broken axe and there were several pieces of board scattered about. On one of these I saw, burnt with a hot iron, the name *Walrus*— the name of Flint's ship.

It was quite clear. The place had been found, and the treasure taken away. The seven hundred thousand pounds was gone!

Chapter thirty-three

The fall of a leader

There never was such a shock in this world. The six men stood as if they had been struck. But with Silver the shock passed almost immediately; he remained calm, got control of his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to understand the ruin of their hopes.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and be ready for trouble."

And he passed me a double-barrelled pistol.

At the same time he began moving quietly, and in a few steps had put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded, as if to say, "Here's trouble." His looks were now quite friendly and I was so angry at these constant changes that I could not help whispering, "So you've changed sides again!"

There was no time for him to answer. The pirates, with curses and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the hole, and to tear up the soil with their fingers. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a rain

of curses. It went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

"One pound!" roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're good at bargains, aren't you? You never made a mistake, you woodenheaded fool!"

"You might find some roots there," said Silver with a cool laugh, "if you go deep enough."

"Roots!" repeated Merry. "Do you hear that, lads? I tell you now, that man knew it all the time!"

"Ah, Merry," said Silver, "wanting to be cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, aren't you?"

But this time everyone was on Merry's side. They began to climb out of the hole, but I noticed that they all got out on the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the hole between us, and nobody's courage high enough to offer the first blow.

"Lads," Merry said, "there are two of them alone there. One's the old one-legged fool that brought us all down to this; the other's that boy that I mean to tear the heart out of. Now, lads—"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead a charge. But just then—crack! crack! crack!—three gunshots flashed out of the bushes. Merry fell head first into the hole. The man with the wounded head fell on his side, where he lay dead, but still kicking his feet. And the other three turned and ran as fast as they could.

The doctor, Gray and Ben Gunn joined us with smoking guns, from among the trees.

"Forward!" cried the doctor. "Quick, my lads. We must drive 'em off the boats."

And we set off at a great speed, pushing through trees and bushes.

Silver was anxious not to be left behind. He was only thirty metres behind us when we reached the edge of the slope.

"Doctor," he shouted, "look there! No hurry!"

In a more open part, we could see the three men still running in the same direction as they had started. We were already between them and the boats and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John came slowly up to us.

"Thank you, Doctor," he said. "You came just in time to save me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn!" he added. "To think that you've tricked me."

The doctor sent Gray back for one of the axes that the pirates had left behind. As we went downhill to where the boats were lying, he told, in a few words, what had happened. It was a story that greatly interested Silver.

Ben, in his long wanderings about the island, had found the treasure (it was his axe that lay broken in the hole). He had carried the gold on his back, in many tiring journeys, to a cave on the two-pointed hill in the northeast corner of the island, and there it had been lying in safety for two months before the *Hispaniola* arrived.

The doctor had got this secret from Ben Gunn on the afternoon of the attack. Next morning, he saw that the ship had gone, so he had spoken to Silver, given him the map—which was now useless, given him the stores (because Ben Gunn's cave had a good supply of goats' meat salted by himself), given anything and everything to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill. There, they would be clear of sickness and keep a guard on the money.

"I was very sorry about you, Jim," he said, "but I did what I thought best for those who were doing their duty, and if you were not one of them, whose fault was it?"

That morning, he had heard that I was to be present when the pirates found the treasure gone. So he had run back to the cave, fetched Gray and Ben Gunn, and hurried to the place so as to be ready to help.

"Ah," said Silver, "it was fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would cheerfully have let old John be cut to bits, Doctor."

"Cheerfully," replied Dr Livesey.

By this time we had reached the boats. The doctor broke up one of them with the axe, and then we all got on board the other and rowed towards North Bay.

As we passed the two-pointed hill, we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave, and a figure standing by it, leaning on a gun. It was Mr Trelawney, and we waved a handkerchief and shouted to him.

Three miles farther, just inside the mouth of North Bay, we were astonished to meet the *Hispaniola*, moving out by herself! The high tide had floated her off. We left Gray in charge of her. Then we rowed the boat round to Rum Bay, the nearest place to Ben Gunn's treasure house.

A gentle slope ran up from the beach to the entrance of the cave. At the top, Mr Trelawney met us. He greeted me kindly, then he turned to Silver.

"John Silver," he said, "you are a nasty and evil man. I am told that I must not let them hang you. Well then, I will not. But the dead men hang about your neck, and your black memories are your punishment."

"Thank you, sir," replied Long John, taking off his hat.

"How dare you thank me!" cried Mr Trelawney. "I am ashamed of not doing my duty. Get out of my sight!"

We all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring of clear water. The floor was sand. In

front of a big fire lay Captain Smollett and in a far corner, only dimly lit by the fire, I saw great heaps of gold pieces, and towers built of bars of gold. That was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had already cost the lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*. How many lives it had cost in getting it, what blood and sorrow, what good ships sunk in the ocean, what brave men murdered, what shame and lies and cruelty—perhaps no man alive could tell. But there were still three on that island—Silver, and old Morgan, and Ben Gunn—who had each taken his share in these black deeds, as each had hoped to share in the treasure.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You're a good boy in your way, Jim, but I don't think you and I will go to sea together again. Is that you, John Silver? Why are you here, man?"

"I've come back to my duty, sir," replied Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain, and that was all he said.

Chapter thirty-four

And last

The next morning we began work early, because moving this great mass of gold nearly a mile by land to the beach, and three miles by boat to the *Hispaniola*, was a huge task for so small a number of workmen. The three fellows still wandering about on the island did not greatly trouble us; a single watcher on the hill was enough to guard against any sudden attack.

Gray and Ben Gunn rowed the boat to and from the ship, while the rest carried the treasure to the beach. As I was not big enough to carry heavy loads, I was kept busy all day in the cave, packing the money into bread bags.

It was a strange collection of money—English, French, Spanish, Portuguese—and on the pieces were all the kings of Europe for the last hundred years. There were strange pieces from the East, round pieces, square pieces, and pieces with holes through them as if to wear round your neck. Every kind of money in the world must, I think, have found a place. And in number they were like autumn leaves, so that my back was weary of bending and my fingers with picking them up.

Day after day this work went on. At last—I think it was on the third night—the doctor and I were walking on the hill, when the wind brought us a noise of singing. Then there was silence.

"Heaven forgive them," said the doctor, "it's the pirates!"

"All drunk, sir," came the voice of Silver from behind us.

That evening we discussed what we should do with them, and decided that we must leave them on the island. We left a good supply of powder and shot, food and clothes.

After seeing to this, we went on board and set sail.

We had so few men that everyone on board had to help. The captain lay on a bed giving his orders. We sailed to the nearest port in South America because we could not risk the voyage home without more men.

It was sundown when we sailed into the harbour. The doctor and Mr Trelawney took me on shore with them. When we came back to the *Hispaniola*, we found Ben Gunn on board, alone. Silver had gone.

But that was not all. The sea cook had not gone empty-handed. He had cut through into the place where the treasure lay and had removed one of the bags of money worth, perhaps, three or four hundred pounds, to help him on his further wanderings.

I think we were all pleased to get rid of him at the price.

Well, to make a long story short, we got some men on board and made a good voyage home. Only five men of those who had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest."

All of us had a good share of the treasure and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Gray is now captain and part-owner of a fine ship. Ben Gunn got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in three weeks or, to be more exact, in nineteen days—he was back begging on the twentieth. Then Mr Trelawney made him a gatekeeper—just as he had feared on the island. He is also a great singer in the village church.

Of Long John Silver we have heard no more.

Nothing would make me go back again to that cursed island, and the worst dreams that I ever have are when I hear the waves beating on its coasts, or leap up in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

Questions

1 1 Who came to stay at the Benbow Inn?
2 Who was not afraid of the captain?
2 1 Who came to see the captain?
2 What was the captain's name?
3 1 What did Flint's crew want?
2 How did the blind man find his way?
4 1 Why was Jim's mother counting coins?
2 What did Jim take from the captain's chest?
5 1 Where did Jim and his mother hide?
2 Who came on horses?
6 1 Who was Mr Trelawney?
2 Why did Mr Trelawney decide to go to Bristol?
7 1 What was the name of Trelawney's ship?
2 Who helped him to get a crew for the ship?
8 1 What was the *Spyglass?*
2 Who did Jim recognise at the *Spyglass?*
9 1 Who was Captain Smollett?
2 Where did he want to have the gunpowder?
10 1 What happened to Mr Arrow?
2 Why did Jim climb into the barrel?
11 1 What did Silver mean by "gentleman of fortune"?
2 Why didn't Dick look into the barrel?
12 1 What was the map that Captain Smollett showed to Silver?
2 Who listened to Jim in the officers' room?
13 1 Why were the boats in the water?
2 What was Jim's mad idea?
14 1 What happened to Tom?
2 Why did Jim run away?
15 1 Who was Ben Gunn?
2 How long had he been on the island?
16 1 Who is the story-teller in this chapter?
2 Why was the spring in the stockade important?
17 1 What did Israel Hands and the other men on the ship do?
2 What happened to the boat?
18 1 What happened to Tom Redruth?
2 What were the men at the ship's gun aiming at?
19 1 Who did Ben Gunn want to speak to?
2 Who came to the stockade with a white flag?
20 1 What had Ben Gunn done in the night?
2 What did Silver want?
21 1 What happened to Hunter?
2 What happened to Joyce?
22 1 Where did Dr Livesey go?
2 What was Ben Gunn's boat made of?

23 1 Who were on the ship?
2 What were they doing when Jim saw them?
24 1 What did Jim see as his boat passed the Cape of the Woods?
2 What happened to his boat?
25 1 Who was still alive on the ship?
2 Where did Jim intend to take the *Hispaniola?*
26 1 What weapon did Israel Hands get?
2 Where did Jim go to escape from Hands?
27 1 Where did Jim go when he left the ship?
2 Who were in the stockade?
28 1 How many pirates were still alive?
2 Who had the map of the island?
29 1 What did the other pirates give to Silver?
2 Who wanted to be the leader in Silver's place?
30 1 Why did Dr Livesey come to the stockade?
2 Why didn't Jim run away?
31 1 What had happened to Allardyce?
2 Why were the pirates afraid?
32 1 Whose voice frightened the pirates?
2 What was in the hole where the treasure had been?
33 1 Who fired at the pirates from the bushes?
2 Where was the treasure?
34 1 What did they do with the treasure?
2 Why did they sail to a South American port?
3 What did Silver do?

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